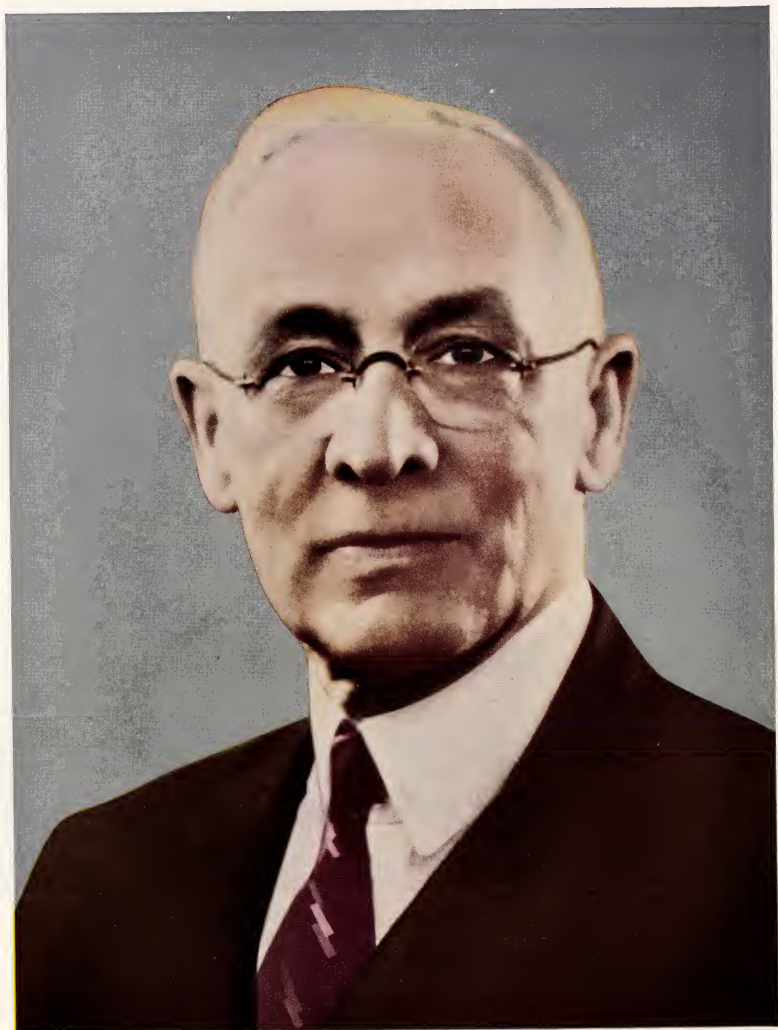


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APRIL 1954



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Hermosa Tile makes life easier for you—whether you prefer the new communicating kitchen or the traditional dining room and separate kitchen. This modern ceramic tile saves hours of back-breaking scrubbing, cleans as easily as your favorite china. Moreover, when you take a pie out of the oven or a pot off the range, you can put it right on the counter. Hermosa's Dura-Glaze surface will not burn, blister or scratch.



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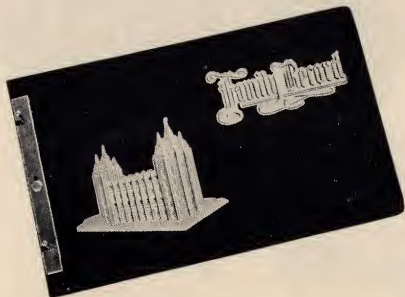
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No. 4—65 family group

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by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

IN THE fall the monarch butterflies migrate from the northern areas of the United States and Canada to warmer climes. Those on the northwestern coast, including Alaska, migrate to a pine grove near Monterey Bay in Pacific Grove, California, where they are protected by law. This they have been doing for over a hundred years. Their eastern migrations go to the states bordering the Gulf of Mexico states. They leave Pacific Grove starting the end of March in small groups, those for Alaska first. The monarchs lay their eggs during the summer on milkweed plants.

SOME of the geologically ancient shelled cephalopods had conical shells up to fifteen feet long.

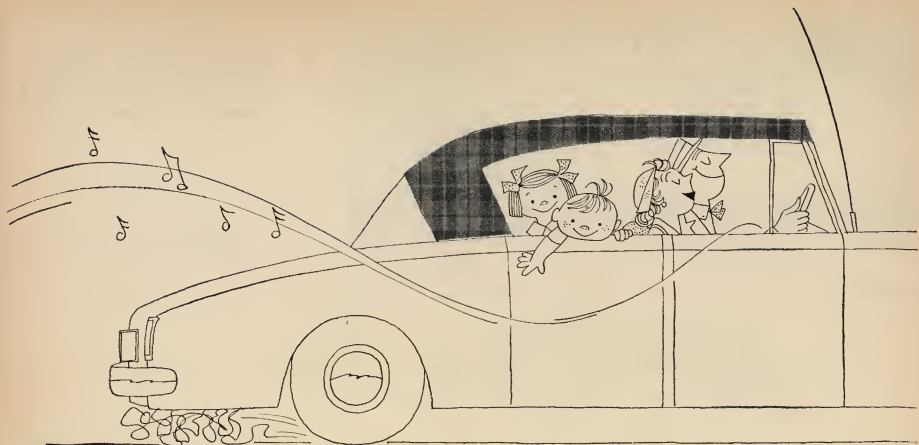
FROM 1450 to 1500 A.D. about 35,000 books were printed in all of Europe. Between 1450 and 1640 A.D. over 20,000 printed works appeared in English and on English soil, according to Mario Pei.

SCHOLARS have estimated that there is a noticeable difference in pronunciation between British and American standards in about one-fourth of all the words which the two branches of English hold in common.

THE average lifetime of the red cells in human blood is 120 days. To keep up the number of blood cells a human adult produces about 140 million new cells a minute.

IT APPEARS that cork has been known as a usable material since as early as 400 B.C. Most of the supply comes from the evergreen cork oaks found in Portugal, Spain, North Africa, and southern France. The forested areas combined are about the size of the state of New Jersey. The cork is the outer bark which is stripped, without injury to the oak, every nine years. Good cork is not obtained until the third harvest. A cork oak lives about a century and produces 50 to 500 pounds of cork each harvest. Half the world's supply of cork is processed for insulation.

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^{*}**Power Hearing**, sometimes called "Radio," is optional equipment available at no extra cost in homes and cars. 98% of all homes, and 92.4% of all postwar cars are equipped with Power Hearing.





VOLUME 57

NUMBER 4

April 1954

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The Church of
Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints

The Cover

Continuing our presentation of colored portraits of Church leaders, our cover this month is a recent picture of Elder Thomas E. McKay, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. Elder McKay was sustained in this position thirteen years ago at the April 1941 general conference. (See also page 224.)

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES

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Martha Meade's

FROZEN ORANGE JUICE PIE

All measurements are level. Sift flour before measuring.

Measure out and save 2 tablespoons juice from—

1 can (6 oz.) frozen orange juice, undiluted

Place remaining juice in a saucepan and add—

1 can water (¾ cup)

2 tablespoons butter

Bring to a boil. Meanwhile, blend with a rotary

beater until smooth—

¾ cup sugar

½ cup cornstarch

2 egg yolks, unbeaten

1 can water (¾ cup)

Then slowly stir into boiling liquid. Bring again to a boil and cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth and thickened.

Pour into—

a baked 9-inch pie shell

Let stand until filling is cool. Just before serving

spoon Orange Blossom Meringue in mounds

around edge of pie. Place under broiler until

meringue is a deep golden brown, about 1 minute.

Watch carefully as this topping burns very

quickly. It is best to serve this pie within an

hour or two as this type meringue may "water"

slightly upon long standing. 6 servings.

ORANGE BLOSSOM MERINGUE

Measure into the top part of a double boiler—

2 egg whites, unbeaten

2 tablespoons undiluted frozen

orange juice

¾ teaspoon salt

½ cup sugar

Beat with rotary beater at high speed over boiling water for 2 minutes. Then remove from heat and continue beating 2 or 3 minutes longer until mixture forms soft peaks.

PASTRY

Measure into a mixing bowl—

¾ cup shortening

¾ teaspoon salt

3 tablespoons cold water

Blend ingredients together with a fork until

shortening is creamy and absorbs part of water.

Then add all at once—

1 cup sifted Sperry Drifted Snow

"Home-Perfected" Enriched Flour

Stir, with circular motion, until pastry holds its

shape. Turn out on lightly floured board, press-

ing quickly into a smooth ball. Roll pastry until

it will extend about ½ inch beyond outer rim

of a 9-inch pie pan. Fold pastry in half, lift quickly

and place in pan. Unfold, and gently press in

place so there are no air pockets beneath pastry.

Build up fluted edge. Prick bottom and sides of

shell liberally with fork. This allows the steam

formed beneath crust to escape during baking.

Bake for 10-12 minutes in preheated very hot

oven, 450°, or until crust is nicely browned. Cool

before filling.

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ASIA AND THE FUTURE

by Dr. G. Homer Durham

VICE PRESIDENT,
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MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, the American Secretary of State, returned from the Berlin Conference of 1954 in late February. Announcement had been made that the "Big Four" (the USA, the USSR, France, and the United Kingdom) would meet again at Geneva, Switzerland, on April 26, 1954. With them will meet Red China, the North and South Korean governments, and some dozen others involved in the Korean war.

On the agenda for Geneva, April 26, 1954 is (1) a possible peace settlement growing out of the Korean war; (2) Indo-China. More importantly, the western powers, with the Soviet Union and Red China, will be sitting down for the first time in formal session to discuss what is, in effect, the future of Asia.

Whither Asia? Towards a rich variety of independent, stable states, ranging from Saudi Arabia and Turkey on the west to China and Japan on the east? Or towards Russian-inspired, monolithic unification and organization? Or towards American-supported efforts to salvage and maintain the sagging colonial systems of France, Holland, Britain? Or, towards some mutation of the latter, American-inspired and led? Or what?

President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have a real problem on their hands in meeting this issue at the Geneva Conference. So has the entire human race, the bulk of whom live in Asia.

The United States of America is the new world product of the old world. As the suns of centuries have risen over Asia (*ushas*—the dawn—in the ancient Sanskrit tongue) and men have seemed to see it swing westward to its setting over Europe (*ereb*—the west, the sun-setting land in Sanskrit), so America, the new world, reflects the development of human culture. We now face the decision as to how Europe, Asia, and Africa—the great world island, shall influence the Western Hemisphere island of the Americas, and how the Americas shall influence Asia and the great world-island.

Asia is huge. It is complicated, geographically and culturally. It is 6900 miles wide from Arabia in the west, to the far eastern, Pacific tip of the continent. It is 5300 miles, north-south, from the northernmost cape of Siberia to Malaya—not counting the distances to offshore islands. From Cyprus and Rhodes in the Mediterranean, to Formosa and the Philippines in the Pacific,

is a long, long way even for jet engines.

American policy must reckon with such facts as Asia's 35,000 miles of coastline; its billion and a quarter human inhabitants, two-thirds Mongolian, one-third Aryan, Semitic, and brown-black; its 550 annual inches of rainfall in Northern India; its arid desert wastes in the Arab and Gobi deserts.

After three centuries of European colonization, imperialism, and acculturation, Asia's population included, in 1945, only a scant 6 million Protestants, 5½ million Roman Catholics, 17½ million Greek and Armenian Catholics, and ½ million Jews. Most of these cultural allies of the west are in western Asia and along coastlines of the east. There still remained 210 million Hindus, 300 million Confucians, 142 million Moslems in which the West had made hardly a dent. Some types of social change come slowly. Others are rapid.

Is communist force, energy, propaganda, the measure of the difference? The west has to decide the rate of force and the role of propaganda as part of Asiatic policy. In this we must remember that Asia is great. It is the birthplace of Jesus Christ, of Buddha, of Confucius, and of Mohammed.

Asia has six great strategic peninsulas and as many sets of strategic offshore island groups. Of the peninsulas, Turkey and South Korea are presently under military guarantee of the United States. Arabia moves under British scrutiny, with the US at her elbow. India, once under British auspices, is now self-directing and openly "neutral" towards the US. The Indo-Chinese peninsula, under French and British influence, is in serious trouble. The remaining sixth peninsula is Russian-held Kamchatka. The western powers hold the edge in the offshore islands south of Russian-held Sakhalin. But the future of Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, Indonesia, Sumatra, even Ceylon, as bastions of western strength, is by no means certain.

What is sound policy for the future of Asia, its great land mass of nearly 18 million square miles, its great neighboring islands, and its teeming millions?

Shall the US recognize the Mao re-

(Concluded on page 284)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

January 1954

17 ELDER Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the Spokane Fourth Ward, (formerly Dishman Ward), Spokane (Washington) Stake.

19 PRESIDENT and Sister David O. McKay departed by air from Cape Town, South Africa, as their tour of the South African Mission neared its close.

20 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and his party flew from Johannesburg, South Africa, closing the tour of the South African Mission.

21 PRESIDENT and Sister McKay left Dakar, French West Africa, by air for Brazil.

22 PRESIDENT and Sister McKay arrived in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, from Africa, to begin their tour of the South American Missions of the Church.

24 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party participated in meetings in Sao Paulo, headquarters of the Brazilian Mission.

Elder Lawrence D. Olpin sustained as president of the Lorin Farr (Utah) Stake, succeeding President Elton W. Wardle, deceased. President Olpin had served as first counselor to President Wardle. Elder Irvine F. Keller, formerly second counselor, sustained as first counselor, and Elder Leslie T. Norton sustained as second counselor.

The Genealogical Society of the Church began a series of programs under the general title, "What's my Name," telecast over KDYL-TV, Salt Lake City.

Elder Hugh B. Brown, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the building of the Institute of Religion, adjacent to the campus of the University of Nevada, at Reno.

26 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party arrived in Montevideo, Uruguay, on his tour of South American Missions.

29 "RADIO ESPECTADOR" at Montevideo gave President David O. McKay a ten-minute interview.

30 PRESIDENT David O. McKay's activities included the laying of a cornerstone for a chapel in Montevideo, Uruguay.

February 1954

1 PRESIDENT David O. McKay attended a missionary meeting in Uruguay. Later in the day, he and his party flew to Buenos Aires, Argentina.

The annual, month-long birthday penny drive for support of the Primary Children's hospital began today.

3 PRESIDENT David O. McKay had an interview with President Juan D. Peron of Argentina.

5 THREE carloads of Church welfare flour started on its way from the Deseret Mills in Kaysville, Utah, for the destitute people of Greece. Later in the month three carloads of canned goods were sent from Church welfare supplies in Salt Lake City. In joining the United Churches Ionian Relief project in Utah to aid the needy in Greece, the Church furnished seventy percent of the commodities donated in Utah. This figure was based on the LDS members residing in the state. The Church, in taking the welfare supplies, made no drive among its members for the project.

6 THE First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Eben R. T. Blomquist as president of the Swedish Mission, succeeding President Clarence F. Johnson. President Blomquist served as president of the mission from 1946 to 1949, when he was succeeded by President Johnson. Previously he had served a mission in Sweden, 1911-13. At the time of this appointment he was a member of the Mill Creek (Salt Lake City) Stake high council. Sister Blomquist and their eighteen-year-old son will accompany him in this field of labor.

7 PRESIDENT David O. McKay spoke at two meetings in Buenos Aires. His son, Robert R. McKay, and President Lee B. Valentine of the Argentine Mission acted as interpreters for him. An estimated six hundred persons were at one of the meetings. The meetings were held in the Cervantes Theater, which was made available by President Juan D. Peron of Argentina, after he had interviewed President McKay earlier in the week.

Sunday evening meetings throughout the Church honored the Boy Scout movement.

8 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party left Buenos Aires, Argentine, for Santiago, Chile.

10 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party were visiting the Saints in Lima, Peru.

11 PRESIDENT David O. McKay was visiting Saints in the Canal Zone and in Panama.

12 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party arrived in Guatemala City, Guatemala, on the mission tour.

The topmost steel section of the tower of the Los Angeles Temple went into place. It is a seventeen-foot welded framework upon which the gold-plated aluminum statue of the Angel Moroni will eventually be placed. It is the top section of the 134-foot tower which rises above the roof of the 110-foot high building.

13 THE APPOINTMENT of Mrs. Blanch D. Sundberg to the general board of the Primary Association was announced.

14 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party arrived in Los Angeles from Guatemala City, completing their thirty-two thousand mile tour of missions. Originally they planned to visit Mexico, but upon completing their stay in Guatemala, they learned that the plane they were to take for Mexico City had engine trouble, and that it would take two days for a replacement plane to be dispatched from Miami. President McKay elected to fly directly from Guatemala City to Los Angeles on another plane.

Elder Hugh B. Brown, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the Pleasant View Ward, Malad (Idaho) Stake.

21 PRESIDENT David O. McKay arrived in Salt Lake City, completing his tour of missions in Europe, South Africa, and Latin America.

22 PRESIDENT Stephen L. Richards of the First Presidency dedicated the University (Salt Lake City) Stake center. Many of the wards in the Salt Lake City area held their annual reunions.

24 ELDER Reid E. Bankhead of the Brigham Young University began a series of twelve weekly film-lectures in Salt Lake City upon the Apostle Paul.

28 ELDER Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Glendale Ward, Phoenix (Arizona) Stake.

Elder Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Phoenix Sixth Ward, Phoenix (Arizona) Stake.

East Phoenix Stake, 212 in the roll call of stakes now functioning in the Church, organized from portions of Phoenix (Arizona) Stake. Elder Junius E. Driggs was sustained as president of East Phoenix Stake, without Elders Glenn Alvin Jones and Edgar Keith Stott as counselors. The stake consists of the Phoenix First, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh wards, Scottsdale Ward, and Spanish-American Branch, with a combined membership of approximately thirty-five hundred. Remaining in the Phoenix Stake are the Phoenix Second, Third, Sixth, Eighth, and Ninth wards, Capitol and Glendale wards, and Avondale and Buckeye branches. This stake has a membership of approximately forty-seven hundred. Resustained as president of Phoenix Stake was President David E. Heywood. Elder Blaine H. Alexander, former second counselor, was sustained as first counselor, succeeding Elder R. Melvin Johnson who was sustained as a patriarch in East Phoenix Stake, and Elder Martin E. Tate was sustained as second counselor. Elders Spencer W. Kimball and Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve were in charge of this organization and reorganization of the stakes in southern Arizona.

Elder Walter W. Hunter, former first counselor, sustained as president of the Liberty (Salt Lake City) Stake, succeeding President A. Lewis Elggren who has been called to preside in the Western States Mission. Elder Sheldon R. Brewster, former second counselor, sustained as first counselor, and Elder Abraham L. Stout sustained as second counselor.

Elder Ralph A. Richards, former first counselor in the South Summit (Utah) Stake presidency, sustained as president of that stake, succeeding President Moses C. Taylor, believed to be the dean of stake presidents in time of service. Released with President Taylor was his second counselor, Elder Carl Winters. Sustained as counselors in the South Summit Stake were Elders G. Reed Marchant and Thomas Linton Lefler.

Elder Sterling W. Sill completed his series of radio discussions on the Church Sunday evening hour on KSL.

March 1954

2 THIRTY-TWO championship M Men basketball teams began play at the field house of Brigham Young University, Provo, in the all-Church basketball (Concluded on page 283)



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and
Meaty**

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*taste
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good!*

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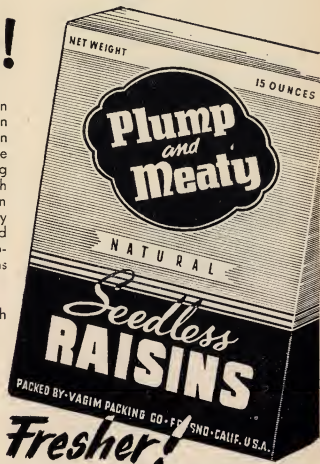
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Melchizedek Priesthood

SOFTBALL

THE All-Church senior softball program will be under the direct supervision of the general priesthood committee of the Church beginning with the 1954 season. The general priesthood committee has appointed a softball committee to be responsible for active supervision of the softball program, and two members of the softball committee will serve as directors of the newly revised priesthood program.

With the approval and co-operation of the stake presidents involved, division softball directors will be appointed to conduct the program in the sixteen divisions into which the various stakes of the Church will be divided. The division director will work closely with stake presidencies in the promotion of softball activity, with the goal of one or more senior softball teams in every ward and branch in the Church. Stake supervision will be under the direction of the stake softball director who will be nominated by the division director and appointed by the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. This director will take the initiative, assisted by the vice chairman of the stake committee for senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood or other members of that committee appointed by him. This is to be with the full approval of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. (The existing stake athletic director may be the logical individual for this position.)

Ward supervision shall be under the ward softball director appointed by the stake director after consultation with the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. It shall be the duty of the ward softball director to take the initiative in promoting the ward softball program. He will do this in co-operation with, and the full approval of a committee consisting of a member of the bishopric as chairman, a member of the elders' quorum presidency (one from each elders' quorum if more than one quorum in the ward) or officer of an elders group where no quorum exists, and a member of the ward senior Aaronic Priesthood committee. (The existing ward athletic director may be the logical individual for this position.)

The purpose of the softball program is to bring into activity all members of the Melchizedek Priest-

hood, including those who are inactive members of the senior Aaronic Priesthood and non-priesthood holders. A concerted effort on the part of stake presidencies, ward bishoprics, and branch presidencies should insure the fullest possible use of the program to this end. Any ward able to field more than one senior softball team should be encouraged to do so, for participation on the part of every adult male member of the ward is the goal of the revised program. All holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood and (or) male members of the Church seventeen years of age or older as of June first of the playing year may be candidates to play. The seventeen- and eighteen-year-old boys, however, may exercise their option to play either senior softball or junior softball, which is conducted under the supervision of the YMMIA as in other years. This option is allowed since these boys may find it difficult to compete favorably for team positions with the older men of the ward. In the smaller wards and branches, the seventeen- and eighteen-year-old boys are often needed to make possible the fielding of a senior softball team.

Rules and regulations governing play will be sent to all stake presidents, with enough copies for further distribution to ward bishops and stake and ward softball directors.

A two dollar registration fee is required of all teams playing in stake leagues and is to be sent to the Church softball committee, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. This fee is to be sent in with registration forms to be furnished before any league games are played.

Wards will compete in a stake tournament conducted by the stake softball director. Stake champions will then play off in division tournaments under the supervision of the division softball director. The division winners will come to Salt Lake City to participate in the all-Church softball tournament where the all-Church championship team and sportsmanship winner will be declared.

The value of the softball program as a missionary has been conclusively demonstrated. The inactive,

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

CHILD AND DANDELIONS

Across the dew-bespangled grass, he runs,
 (Does April fashion wings for children's heels?)
 To stop in mid-flight. Wondering, he kneels—
 A little worshiper of little suns;
 A dandelion halo, his bright hair—
 To touch with fingers sensitive as any
 Flower-exploring butterfly antennae,
 One blossom of the myriads shimmering there.

Since none calls from a window, "Mustn't pick!"
 Young laughter bubbles: *his*, these diadems,
 A whole yardful just by the simple trick
 Of snapping off the crisp, milk-oozing stems.

Sing, O robins, sing! One small, chubby boy
 Receives time's rarest gift, an hour of joy.

Ethel Romig Fuller



APRIL

By Frances Stockwell Lovell

I WALKED today where April spread
her pearls of rain on me,
where, in the garden, tulips bled
their new slim buds, to be
tomorrow, cups of gold and red
to hold spring's guarantee.

I walked where earth was turning, slow,
and moving in her sleep
and felt the hands of things that grow
their age-old promise keep.
I walked in Aprils of long ago
Where rain fell, soft and deep.

PINK TULIPS

By Ethel Jacobson

GRAYED skies, misty trees
Blurred by slanting traceries;
Dim, leafy-shadowed lane,
Veiled by fingers of the rain,
Yet here a glow, a rosy drift
Of tulips, shimmering pink, that lift
Great vibrant-hued, inverted bells
To catch the rain in polished shells.

TULIPS

By Kathryn Forbes Clyde

WHEN spring tiptoes across the ground
Awakening all the flowers that grow,
No bloom so lovely can be found
As stately tulips in a row;

With heads erect so straight and tall
As if some proud monarch sent
They march along the garden wall
A gold and crimson regiment.

Inviting every vagrant bee
To sip the nectar from the cup
With genial hospitality
They lift a dew-filled chalice up;

And when at last they fade and die
Their proud heads drooping one by one,
May memory etch upon my eye
A row of tulips in the sun.

SPRING RAIN

By Pauline Havard

HEARING the April rain, you smile with
pleasure;
You know that gentle symphony; its sound
Of steady raindrops holds a special promise,
Whispering "Open, sesame!" to ground
Once locked by frost. And probably to-
morrow

The sun will bring its golden benediction;
The sky will be a blue forget-me-not;
All to prove the weatherman's prediction—
"Clearing and warmer." While the com-
ing weeks

In earth's Aladdin's cave will lift the lid
To show rich gems of flowers and jade of
grass,

And all the gold that winter shrewdly hid.

IF APRIL BORROWS

By Elaine V. Emans

NOW it's been said that April borrows
three
Days out of March, and they are ill, but I
Am currently inclined to disagree.
I cannot call a day ill though the sky
May alternate between quick tears and
laughter,

Nor censor it for being wet underfoot,
Nor well condemn the wind for rising after
I'd thought the air was gentle, and had put
On my wide-brimmed chapeau for walking
out.

I cannot reproach a day when I discover
Some bird in every hedge, nor set about
To prove it ill when violets half cover
The river-banks and woods as their sweet
duty.

If April borrows, it is more of beauty.

GREEN-SPRING WEATHER

By Anobel Armour

HE liked long furrows slanting up
And how her tall man held a plow
And mountain water from a cup
And peaches yellow on the bough.

Just yesterday her life had been
A narrow city-canyon life
Where smoke-gray buildings hemmed her
in
But now she was a mountain wife.

And yet she knew that had he stayed
Beside her where gray buildings stood
She would have liked the life he made
And found each lovely moment good.

It was the love they shared together
That gave these hills their green-spring
weather!

THE MIRACLE OF FLIGHT

By Laura Emily Mau

SEA GULLS
Past masters of
The miracle of flight
Now see their craftsmanship attained
By men.



TURNING POINT

By Katherine Fernelius Larsen

SWEET on the cheek a little wind
Whispers of life returning;
South of the hedges snow is thinned
Under the sun's pale burning.

Lift your cheek to the tender breath,
Lean your ear to the south,
Listen for winter's delicate death—
Spring's first hint warm on your mouth.

MEMORY'S SONG

By Arthur Wallace Peach

ABOVE the clash of chords, the harsher
Strains of living,
Her love was like a song
Half heard, its music intertwining
With hours that seemed too brief,
With years too long.

The thrush song at the evening's quiet
Close, befriending day
Is sung in secrecy, but at the last note's
Silver ending,
The silence holds the music's
Memory.

Now there is silence
Where there once was song,
Threading the hours
Like a golden strain,
Laying its peace upon the days'
Long clamoring,
As sweet as on the thirsty fields
The lips of rain!

THE MOON ENTREATS

By Beulah Huish Sadleir

THE moon entreats—
And pity be the eyes that cannot see the
moon;
No clouds—no wind stripes mar its auric
glow.

Life's recreation fleeted in itself.
Spring's advent, the forgotten wastes
Of all the yesteryears.
Life under its illumined face pushes ahead;
Roots send feelers underground—
Bulbs break—and all things are akin
To nature's urge.

Leaf sap rises—and the hungry wait to see
The leaves; those green, soft, fragile parasols
For summer's light.
Fair beauteous moon, consistent lamp
Of light and love—
Searchlight of our souls—
Magnify the good,
Shine full upon the purpose of our lives.

MY GARDEN

By Evelyn Hunt

I HAVE a garden, and I know
It is not I that makes it grow.
I plant the seeds, I turn the sod;
But in my garden there is God.

And in my garden there is peace;
Frustration, care, and worry cease.
So in my garden, if you please,
I do my weeding on my knees.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Walk In The Light

by President David O. McKay

"... Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." (John 12:35.)

That solicitous admonition given by the Savior of men is as pertinent today as when it was first expressed. Men and nations having refused to walk in the light, as Jesus said, stumble in darkness and know not whither they go.

There is a Greek myth that Charon was permitted once upon a time to visit the earth to see what men were doing. From a lofty eminence he looked over the cities, palaces, and other works of men. As he turned to resume his assigned task, he exclaimed: "These human beings are spending their time in building just birds' nests. No wonder they fail and are ashamed."

Men today to far too great an extent are spending their time with things which have no permanent value, and to far too great an extent are acting contrary to principles of eternal light and giving way to the darkness.

In the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord says:

"If you keep not my commandments, the love of the Father shall not continue with you, therefore you shall walk in darkness." (D. & C. 95:12.)

Of the ultimate victory for freedom, for peace, for truth, we need not doubt. In the words of the immortal Lincoln:

"I still have confidence that the Almighty, the Maker of the universe, will, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people, bring us through this as he has through all other difficulties of our country."

But if we of our generation would find the peace the world so much seeks, we must walk in ways of light.

There is one idea indispensable to the establishment of a permanent peace which too many men and some nations have obliterated from their minds entirely, but which should be reburnished until it shines as the unclouded noonday sun. It is as old as the Lord's first message to man, and some will call it trite. Men in the past have entertained it for a time, then have permitted it to drop below the plane of consciousness. This *idea* so frequently mentioned, but so seldom practised, connotes things which, if lost, civilization itself is lost. It connotes the right to live, to be treated decently, to be kindly spoken to, to enjoy home, to love, and to be loved. It connotes strength to defend the right—sympathy for those who, striving, have failed. It connotes justice and mercy. It turns the eye and the heart from beastly passions to noble aspirations.

It is *Christ's plan of love and service*—summarized in the two great commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"And . . . thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. 22:37, 39.)

I fully realize with Professor Wieman that—

"When one looks out upon the human race, the way it has come and the way it must go, and sees that tiny gate so obscure that one must search to find it, and so lowly that one must stoop to enter it, and yet the only way to life, the only escape from ruin of mankind, one is sobered. . . . And yet civilization will be transitory until men in large number go this way of love."

There is imperative need of a drastic change in men's dealings with one another. Never has there been a time in the history of the world when a change for the better was more imperative. And since rejection of Christ's teachings has re-

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The Editor's Page

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

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sulted in repeated disaster, with only intermittent periods of respite and peace and progress, why in the name of reason should people not be willing to substitute for selfish aggrandizement Christ's principle of brotherly consideration, of fair dealing, of the value and sacredness of human life, of the virtue of forgiveness, of the condemnation of the sin of hypocrisy and of covetousness, of the saving power of love.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is the crucible in which hate, envy, and greed are consumed, and good will, kindness, and love remain as inner aspirations by which man truly lives and builds.

Let men and women everywhere keep their eyes upon him who ever shines as a Light to all the world—for Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life, the only safe Guide to that haven of peace for which people the wide world over are earnestly

praying. Thus may we hope that there will come an answer to the prayer:

"Peace in our time, O Lord,
To all the peoples—Peace!
Peace that shall crown a glad new world,
With Thy High Sovereignities.

"O living Christ, who still
Dost all our burdens share,
Come now and dwell within the hearts
Of all men everywhere!"

—"Peace"—John Oxenham

To this end let members of the Church, and honest men in every clime accept, not as an abstract, inapplicable saying, but as an eternal and guiding truth, the declaration of the Redeemer: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8:12.)

This I Believe by Dr. Reed W. Farnsworth



Dr. Reed W. Farnsworth

"This I Believe," was a radio program whose host was Edward R. Murrow, news analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It brought to the listening audiences statements of faith from people in all walks of life. The following is one of the pronouncements from that program. Dr. Reed W. Farnsworth, its author, spent three years in Holland, Germany, and England, serving as an LDS missionary. At the end of that time he returned to Utah, determined to become a doctor of medicine. For the past thirteen years he has practiced medicine and surgery in Cedar City, Utah.

AS I REVIEW some of my past experiences which have contributed most to what I now believe, these three stand out most vividly in my mind:

The first occurred when my mother died leaving my widowed father with six small children. This was a challenging experience, and I now remember how my father, a deeply religious and God-fearing man, reasoned with us that the separation of our mother was in fulfillment of a prearranged plan and that our lives had a definite purpose in the scheme of things. This experience made a lasting impression upon me, for all during my youth, life seemed to have added meaning and responsibility.

The second challenge came when as a young man I was called to render full-time service to my church as a missionary in western Europe. This

gave me a devotion to the cause which perhaps increased by the news of my father's death when I had been away from home but six months. The thirty months that followed gave me ample opportunity to talk with people of many and varied philosophies and religious convictions. I returned home at the conclusion of this term of service with a more sympathetic understanding of other people's points of view.

The third contribution to my outlook on life followed immediately after my return from Europe, when, in the midst of the financial depression I undertook the costly and time-consuming study of medicine without financial resources. The wisdom of the decision to do this I think I have never questioned, even when I was hungriest and weariest. The necessity of getting assistance and co-

operation from others because of my meager circumstances has given me a high evaluation of my fellow man. It was then my conclusion, and I have not had to change it since, that most people will step aside for a man who knows where he is going and even give a little push to help him along.

I am now just completing my fourteenth year in the practice of medicine. There passes daily through my office a seemingly endless procession of people who are in trouble—seeking assistance. A considerable proportion of these people consult me because of deviations from normal health caused by fears, frustrations, anxieties, and conflicts arising from their attempts to adjust to present-day living. The fear of a new world war, the atomic bomb, cancer, automobile accidents, and financial insecurity are but a few of the many distracting thoughts confronting us today.

I have first an abiding faith in the purpose of life and the conviction that we are conforming to a God-given plan; second, a devotion to a cause—the dignity of one's work; and third, a sincere acknowledgment of the common brotherhood of man. The application of these simple rules given us by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount seem to me to supply the most workable formula for finding the way through the many pitfalls of present-day living.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

"There Are Some Standing Here..."

Question:

"I am a missionary in the Central Atlantic States. In reading the New Testament I have come upon a passage of scripture that is not clear to me. I would like to have the answer. It is Mark 9:1 and Luke 9:27.

"When Christ said 'Verily I say unto you, That there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power,' of whom was he speaking, and when were they to see the kingdom of God, as he had the Church established on the earth at that time?"

Answer:

THE PASSAGE in Luke is similar to that in Mark: "But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste death, till they see the kingdom of God." This prophecy is more plainly stated in Matthew, as follows: "Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." (Matt. 16:28.)

It is true that the Church or kingdom of God was set up by our Savior in the days of his ministry; but it was not set up at that time in its power and glory. Moreover, the Savior knew that before the great day of his second coming, in power and glory, there would be a "falling away" and the Church would cease to be on the earth during those days of dark apostasy.

This prophecy is a problem that has disturbed the Christian world, for they are without a satisfactory explanation. Infidels have dwelt upon it in ridicule as a sign of the Savior's folly because nearly two millenniums have passed since these words were uttered. To the natural man it is impossible for anyone standing in the group to which the Savior spoke to live until now; therefore, to them his prediction has definitely failed.

To the members of the Church this prophecy holds no problem and is no mystery. In the closing verses of the gospel of John we find re-

corded an intimation that John, who was evidently in that group, would not die until the second coming at the beginning of the millennium. The Savior informed Peter how death would come to Him, and Peter seeing John standing near said, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"

"Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.

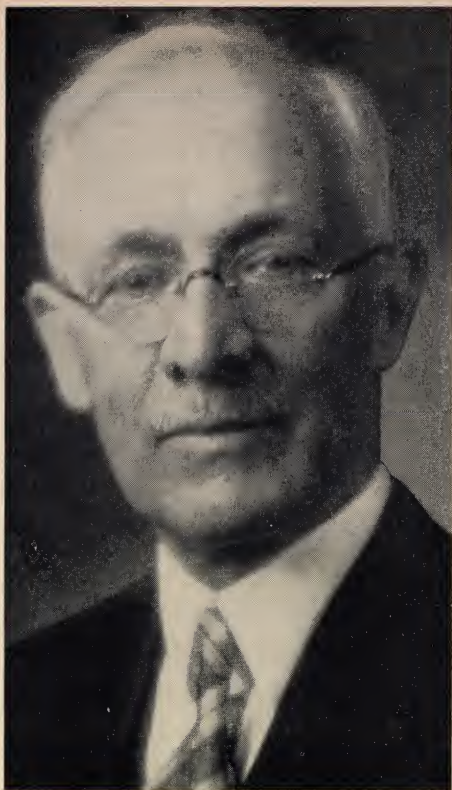
"Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus saith not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" (John 21:21-23.)

A tradition has come down from early times that John died a martyr like the other Apostles, but this is not so. Several novels have been written, perhaps based on the promise to John, of a man cursed to live until Christ shall come because of some abuse given the Lord on his way to the crucifixion. It is possible that there were others as well as John who were given this great privilege who were present when this prophecy was given.

In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section Seven, we have a revelation declaring that John was blessed to tarry until the Lord shall come. When the Lord visited the Nephites, he chose twelve disciples and gave them presiding authority. Three of these disciples wished to remain until the Savior should return. They hesitated to tell him, but he read their thoughts and granted their petition. He said to them, "Behold, I know your thoughts, and ye have desired the thing which John, my beloved, who was with me in my ministry, before that I was lifted up by the Jews, desired of me.

"Therefore, more blessed are ye, for ye shall never taste of death; but ye shall live to behold all the doings of the Father unto the children of men, even until all things shall be fulfilled according to the will of the Father, when I shall come in my glory with the powers of heaven." (3 Nephi 28:6-7.)

Joseph Fielding Smith



—Photograph by Harris and Ewing

Elder Thomas E. McKay. This picture was taken when he was president of the National Association of Railroad & Utility Commissioners.

ELDER THOMAS E. MCKAY

by Clifford E. Young

ASSISTANT TO THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

THOMAS E. MCKAY is a man of broad experience. His activities have covered a wide field, and his devotion to duty and his sense of obligation to a public trust have ever been exemplified in his life. He has been a farmer, teacher, public official, both in county and state, member of the state senate, its presiding officer for two terms, member of the Public Service Commission of the State of Utah, superintendent of the Weber County schools, missionary, stake president, twice president of the Swiss-German Mission, and acting president of the European Mission during World War II. All of these show the wide experience of Thomas E. McKay, and in all of these were reflected the integrity and sterling worth of a man who has ever been conscious of his obligations to a trust and has shown his devotion to duty.

He has served the public with one objective, that of service to his fellow men. In all of his public relations and administrative duties he has manifested an exceptional friendliness and generosity. He has never been unkind and has always had an interest in the welfare of the people whom he served. Thomas E. McKay, like his illustrious brother, President David O. McKay, is the personification of all that is good. He loves people, and all who know him have a deep affection for him, whether engaged in Church service, on the farm, as servant of the people in public office, or on a fishing stream. In all these he reflects that same refining influence and feeling of confidence and affection toward all with whom he comes in contact.

He loves the out-of-doors. He is a man of many hobbies, and one of them is fishing. He learned long ago on the beautiful streams of Ogden Valley that an angler's occupation is a good cure for much of the evil that is in the world. He feels, as expressed by Henry Van Dyke, that the hand of the Creator is as skilful in the coloring of a fish as in the painting of the manifold petals that sweeten the wild flowers.

Although having to safeguard his health and conserve his energy because of a serious heart attack, he often goes to the old farm in Ogden Valley to supervise the planting and harvesting of crops; and when he feels he is not jeopardizing his health, he and his wife, sometimes accompanied by their son, Thomas, will

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



A recent picture of Thomas E. and Faun Brimhall McKay.



David McKay, Sr., and Jennette Evans McKay, and their four eldest children. David O. is standing by his father, and Thomas E. is seated on his mother's lap.

steal away to Henry's or Yellowstone lakes or perhaps the upper Snake River to "feel the beauty and blessedness and peace of the woods and meadows that God has bedecked with flowers." He never comes back empty-handed. A good fisherman is Thomas E. McKay.

I recall an incident of a few summers ago while my daughter and her two children were here from Texas. We were invited to the old McKay farm in Huntsville as guests of Brother and Sister McKay. After a delicious dinner with Brother McKay, although not too strong at the time, as he was slowly recovering from a serious illness, he insisted on taking the children to a nearby stream where they had the thrill of their lives fishing. This last summer these same two children were again with me, and John, the boy aged

thirteen, spent much of his time fishing in our nearby canyon streams. One evening on the Provo River he caught two large trout, one a fourteen-incher, and he gleefully said, "Grandpa, these are for Brother McKay." Children love Brother McKay wherever they are fortunate enough to come within the circle of his friendship.

In a book published by Brigham Young University a number of years ago as a tribute to Dr. George H. Brimhall, the following experience is related by Dr. Brimhall: "A few evenings ago in Ogden Canyon, an automobile headed from Huntsville towards Ogden was making good time. The highway was banked on both sides with snow, pushed high by the snowplow, leaving room for passing, provided each vehicle kept close to its bank. On a curve the car came

suddenly upon a bobsled which was coming up the canyon in the middle of the track. The driver of the car had the alternative of striking the sled or plunging into the snowbank or the river side of the track. He chose the latter. The car kept on its wheels but stuck fast in the snow. One of the occupants of the sled, looking back, saw the snowbound condition of the auto, called the driver to stop, and went to the aid of the chauffeur.

"The driver of the car met the man from the sled with the declaration, 'It was my fault, I was coming a little too fast; you people did not have time to give me passing room.' The man from the bobsled party shouted to his companions: 'Come back! Here is a real gentleman!'

"The occupants of the sled piled

(Continued on following page)



Thomas E. and David O. McKay.



A recent photograph of the Thomas E. McKay family.



Thomas E. McKay as a young man.

(Continued from preceding page)

out, and the car was soon on the road.

"Everyone of the bobsleigh party thought, and some of them said, in substance: 'It is a rare thing to find a man who will not dodge behind some tree of self-justification when he gets into trouble, by not giving the other fellow a chance.'

"This circumstance caused me to wish for more real gentlemen in all the highways of life, from the home circle to international council chambers. Just the confession, 'It was my fault, I was going too fast,' would be a signal for more home happiness and possibly a world peace."

The driver of that car was Thomas E. McKay.

Thomas Evans McKay is the son of David and Jennette Evans McKay and was born in Huntsville, Weber County, Utah, the 29th of October, 1875. His father had emigrated from Scotland and his mother from Wales, both converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and both of them coming from families of rare integrity and of great faith.

I quote from a talk that Brother McKay made at our last conference in which he paid tribute to his mother, stating, "I feel more grateful than ever this morning for my mother, that she was instrumental in insisting on my father's accepting his call to go into the mission field at the time he was called and would not permit him to postpone that call for a year because of her delicate condition. That was a great decision in the history of the David McKay family, and I appreciate it more this morning than

ever. She said, 'David, you go on that mission. The Lord wants you now, not a year from now. He can take care of me when you are in Scotland as well as if you were at my bedside.' It was just ten days after he left for the mission field that a beautiful little spirit, one of the choicest, came to our home. She was over two years old before my father saw her. I say I am grateful that that decision was made to go on a mission at that time." This I think reflects the faith and the devotion of worthy parents of a worthy son.

Thomas's early life was spent in Huntsville where he grew up through all the organizations of the Church and came under their influence. He received his early school training in the schools of Ogden Valley and later attended the University of Utah from which he graduated in 1899. After his graduation he was appointed principal of the Pingree School in Ogden where he served until 1900, when he was called to fulfil a mission to Great Britain, but was re-assigned to labor with the German people. On his return home in 1903 he became a member of the faculty of Weber Academy where he taught for two years. He left the Weber Academy to become a member of the faculty of the Utah State Agricultural College. After two years' service in the college he was appointed superintendent of the Weber County schools, serving in this capacity from 1907 until 1909. In January 1909, he was called as a missionary to the Swiss-German Mission where he labored for three years, returning in March 1912.

Brother McKay always has taken an interest in civic affairs, and in 1919 he was elected to the House of

Representatives of the Utah Legislature. In 1921 he was elected to the State Senate from Weber County, and during two terms he served as president of the State Senate. In 1923 he was appointed a member of the Public Utilities Commission, now the Public Service Commission of the State of Utah, and served in this capacity fourteen years. During his term of office as a member of the Public Utilities Commission he was general chairman of the Central Western Shippers Advisory Board and president of the National Association of Railroad and Utility Commissioners. In 1929 he was appointed a member of the executive committee and continued in this position until the annual meeting of the National Association of Railroad Utility Commissioners at Washington, D. C., in 1934, when he was elected second vice president. The following year he became first vice president of the association, and in 1936 he was elected its president. During his term of office he presided at the annual meeting held at Atlantic City in November 1936. In 1937 he was called by President Grant to preside over the Swiss-German Mission. After the missionaries from Zion had been safely evacuated from the European field, after the outbreak of hostilities, Brother McKay returned home and during World War II served as the acting president of the European Mission with his headquarters in Salt Lake City. This work had to be carried on largely by correspondence, but Brother McKay maintained contact with the local presidents in Europe, encouraging them and helping them through those troublesome times and rendering all the assistance possible.

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Two of Brother McKay's favorite sports: horseback riding and fishing. Here he is shown with his daughter Flora and with his son Thomas.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Through the Eyes of YOUTH—



This statue of "Lincoln, the Woodcutter," executed by Avard Fairbanks, stands at the Plantation School, Ewa, Hawaii.

"Be Somebody, Abe"

by La Preal Wight

THEY SAID she did not have anything. She had no beauty, so the stories go, but in the years to come, millions would try to recapture her features. She had no fame, and those who had, probably called her a simple woman, with no great value placed upon her soul. She had no wealth; life for her began amid pioneer poverty and ended there. These things she did not need, she had gathered within herself a greater substance: the sorrow and the magnificence, the tears and noble grandeur of the common people, and now, about to die, she presented her gift to those she understood.

APRIL 1954

Standing by her bedside was her young son, unkempt, like his mother, unknown, his spirit troubled, wrapped in brooding thoughts of death. Between these two had been strong bonds of understanding, perhaps none greater than the feeling of utter loneliness, this moment, when there seemed so much to be learned.

Looking into her son's small, homely face, her words full of meaning, Nancy Hanks Lincoln transferred to him the burden of a truth that was to help make men free. She said, "Be somebody, Abe." Out of her voice, her meaning, the silence that followed her death, Abe Lincoln was awakened to—not wealth, not fame, not power—but to the worth of the soul; man's belief in the divinity of man.

"Be somebody, Abe."

Be Somebody, Latter-day Saints!

Your Father in heaven meant for each one of his children to achieve successfully. To assist in his work, he has selected you, of all people in the world, to receive a great light: the gospel. Take all its rich treasures and use them, as Abraham Lincoln did with the experiences of his life, and make other lives worth while. The greatest truths in the world are on your doorstep, the greatest heritage anyone can have is written on the pages of your people's history. You have but to open wide the door of your heart and gather them in, then lift your soul toward him for inspiration, and there you are—on the road to becoming somebody.

Since you have been chosen to receive these gifts, they are not yours to waste. To belittle what you have is to turn back in your life, somewhat like the children of Israel, standing on the very brink of the Promised Land. They listened to the story of a few scouts who belittled freedom and courage and faith. It took many long years to prepare once more for that which they had not accepted at first. And then it was a new generation, ready to fight, yes, and to die, in order to obtain that which their forefathers had so lightly valued. You, who live in a land of promise, are free to seek wisdom, to create for good, to work with God. You are free to become somebody.

Strange that so many of us are willing to partake of the blessings of our religion, eat of the choice fruit of the vine, and then, content, our minds at ease, we go selfishly about our way, never aiming to do our share, never accepting work in the garden. To be responsible for some part of the garden is a privilege, to work with divine tools, an honor, and to labor toward helping others to bring forth choice fruit—that is the essence of greatness. That is "being somebody."

A well-known author relates in one of her books that during a crucial moment of flight, high in the air, spiraling through dense clouds, her husband tersely commanded her to check her safety belt, and she knew what he meant. He was taking the last chance. If he failed, death awaited for them both below. In a flash

(Concluded on page 270)

President McKay

Visits Missions in Latin America

by Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

RESEARCH EDITOR



President McKay visits with two Guatemalan children.

CONTRASTING two of his great mission tours, the first around the world in the early 1920's, and the second just now completed, President David O. McKay commented on the shrinking distances and the open mindedness of the people, as he arrived in Salt Lake City on February 21.

"There has been a marvelous change in attitudes of the people between now and thirty-two years ago," President McKay said. "We met prejudice and suspicion everywhere in 1921. There was not a sign of it this time."

During the two-month trip President McKay had held thirty-three meetings, fourteen consultations with Church and government officials, dozens of press and radio interviews, and countless inspections of Church properties and informal visits with small groups of Church members.

President and Sister McKay arrived in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, early in the morning of January 22, where they were met by President Asael Sorenson of the Brazilian Mission. Despite the lateness of the hour, many of the Saints in Rio were at the airport. Two busy days followed, conferring

with Saints in that area. Here President McKay had an interview with James Scott Kemper, US Ambassador to Brazil.

Early Sunday morning, January 24, the party, now consisting of President and Sister McKay, President Sorenson, and Robert R. McKay, who had joined his parents as their secretary, flew to Sao Paulo, headquarters of the Brazilian Mission. It was a very crowded Sunday. There was a priesthood meeting and a general session in the morning (these sessions were in Portuguese), and a German-speaking meeting in the afternoon.



President David O. McKay delivers an address in the Cervantes National Theater, Buenos Aires, Argentina, as his son, Robert R. McKay, translates for him.



President McKay lays a cornerstone for a new chapel in Montevideo, Uruguay.



President and Sister McKay pause before the chapel in Rio de Janeiro. Left to right are Brother Harry Fred Heinfellner, Sister McKay, President McKay, President Asael Sorenson, and Brother Jose Amaro Pinto Ramos.

After the evening meeting, a group of Saints who had slept at the airport the previous night so as to not miss the early arrival of the President, presented Sister McKay with four dozen orchids.

Since Sao Paulo was in the midst of celebrating the fourth centennial of its founding, and the city was alive with joyous celebrants, cannonading with the latest fireworks, even after the strenuous day little rest was enjoyed by the President's party.

Monday, January 25, there was a missionary testimony meeting. One of the testimonies of particular interest to the President was that of Elder Berlin of Huntsville, Utah. When this young man was thirteen years of age, he contracted polio and was given up by his physicians. His parents asked their old neighbor, President McKay, to give their son a blessing. He promised the boy recovery and

that he would fulfil his part of the Lord's work. Elder Berlin was now completing a thirty-months' mission to Brazil.

That afternoon there were more reports and a demonstration of the Primary Association.

Many of the Uruguayan Saints were at the airport in Montevideo to meet the presidential party, January 26. As President McKay came from the plane, he was greeted by the hymn, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet"—this time in Spanish, from a marvelously active chorus. Here the mission president is Lyman S. Shreeve. The pattern of visiting was much the same as elsewhere—the language barrier, while it was there, wasn't an insurmountable obstacle—the spirit and love that the President carried—and the love that the members returned to him, made up for much of it.

January 27, President McKay had an interview with the secretary to President Martinez Trueba. The president of that republic was to have the interview, but his illness had prevented it.

In the six short years since the Uruguayan Mission was opened, the membership of the Church there has grown to 850.

January 28, President McKay had an interview with Mr. McIntosh, US Ambassador to Uruguay, and in the evening attended a Church concert performed in colorful, native costume. Rain had threatened to continue, thereby cancelling the open-air festival and feast planned for earlier that evening. President McKay spoke of the fact that at no time during his thousands of miles of traveling on this trip had rain interfered with a planned function. He was right. The

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President and Sister McKay and party are greeted by the Honorable Dempsey McIntosh, left, Ambassador to Uruguay.



"There are three beautiful things in the world: love, friendship, and brotherhood," was the airport greeting of President McKay upon his arrival in Buenos Aires.

To Help Guide Our Youth—

by Dr. Antone K. Romney

and

Dr. Henry L. Isaksen

COUNSELING SERVICE
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

CHOOSING A VOCATION

IT HAS been stated that some men give more consideration to the selection of a necktie than to the choosing of their life's work. In fact, some people fail to spend any time at all in considering this very important problem. Instead, they just "get a job" and, whether it suits them or not, they stay with it the rest of their working lives because of the necessity for a steady income. Others move from one job to another, seizing what seems to them at the moment to be the best opportunity, and never finding any degree of satisfaction, security, or permanence in their vocational lives.

To a young person who is considering the problem of choosing a vocation, neither of these procedures seems to be desirable. Yet, when he learns that there are some twenty-two thousand different jobs listed in the *Directory of Occupational Titles*, he realizes that he faces a tremendous task—one which will require a great deal of careful consideration. He is also aware of the fact that he will spend at least one-third of his waking life on the job, and that he will make few decisions in his life which will so tremendously influence his success and happiness as the selection of his vocation. It seems not only appropriate, then, but also necessary that he should do some careful vocational planning based on thorough consideration of his values and objectives, and of all the other factors involved.

How, then, should a young person go about planning his vocation? First, he should be aware of certain underlying principles of vocational planning. Then he should undertake to know as much about himself as he possibly can and about the world of work. Finally, he should relate this knowledge about himself and about the world of work in such a way that he will be able to decide, at least

tentatively, on the broad area of work he wishes to enter and make some definite plans on how he can reach this objective. He will, of course, refine and alter his plan as he progresses toward his objective.

Some of these underlying principles that should be kept in mind are as follows. (No attempt has been made to list these in order of importance.)

1. All *socially useful jobs* are honorable. ("Socially useful" should be defined as beneficial to humanity.) To be sure, some jobs have greater "prestige value" than others, and some bring greater financial return. But few, if any, of the approximately twenty-two thousand occupations listed in the *Dictionary* are unessential or undesirable. There should be no premium on the so-called "white-collar" jobs. Someone has said that "any job is great when greatly pursued."

2. There is no such thing as a "one and only" job for anyone. Most people, in fact, could be successful and happy in a number of different types of work and in many different specific occupations. This should not, however, lead us to believe that anyone can do any job successfully. It has been conclusively demonstrated that some people have more aptitude for a given type of work than others, and are therefore more likely to succeed in that type of work. But this does not imply that for any person there is only one specific occupation in which he can perform adequately.

3. Every occupation has some element of drudgery. There is no such thing as a "perfect occupation." Similarly, every job has some compensations and advantages.

4. While such factors, as the amount of pay, working conditions, and such things as security, are important considerations in the selection

This student works as a lab assistant in the daytime and goes to college at night.





A student of airplane welding is shown hard at work.

of a vocation, they are probably not as important as the sense of personal satisfaction that comes from rendering service. The opportunity for rendering significant service to mankind then, should be carefully considered in choosing a vocation, along with other important factors.

5. The job you choose is not as important as the way you perform on the job after you have selected it. Elder Harold B. Lee said recently, in a talk to the BYU student body, "... it doesn't make any difference which field of endeavor you go into, provided it's an honorable vocation, if you will just remember to do two things when you enter that field. The first, when you arrive in the morning say to yourself, 'Now whatever comes to my hand today I'm going to do it to the best of my ability' and then set out to do that. . . . The second thing I want to say to you is that today is the only day that you and I have to live. . . . Now if you will just remember those two things, you'll go through life and be happy, and you'll make your mark in the world regardless of the field of endeavor—provided it's an honorable field—if you undertake to give your full service."

One further word to the girls with respect to underlying principles. Of course, the highest possible objective for all young Latter-day Saint girls is to marry and rear a family. However, it cannot be assumed that this fact makes it unnecessary for them

to consider the problem of vocational planning. For several reasons, their planning should reach beyond their wedding day. In the first place, it sometimes becomes necessary for married women to go to work—because of the loss of their husband or other extenuating circumstances. Vocational planning and preparation is, in these cases, good insurance. Secondly, many types of vocational training and professional preparation are valuable to a prospective wife and mother in that they provide her with skills and attitudes that will help her to do a better job of caring for a home and rearing a family. Such is the case, especially, with respect to training for such occupations as teaching, social work, and nursing. Finally, there will probably come a time in her life when she will have a great deal of time which is free from household responsibilities and other obligations. She may have up to twenty or thirty years during which time she could devote at least several hours each day to some vocational pursuit that would be of service to her community. For these reasons, young women should be encouraged to do some realistic, long-range vocational planning.

With these underlying principles in mind, the next step is that of self-analysis. How can one learn what he needs to know about himself in order to do a good job of vocational planning? Perhaps the first step should be a careful analysis of life goals and values. How much emphasis

is placed on financial success? How important is prestige? In short, "What in life seems important?" Your answers to these basic questions concerning values and goals in life set the stage for further self-analysis. A critical and objective look at your academic record to date adds materially to your self-understanding. How successful have you been as a student? There is ample evidence to support the claim that the best indication of what you will do in college from here on is what you have already done in college and high school. To be sure, there are exceptions to this rule, and occasionally a student makes a drastic change in his academic performance. It is generally true, however, that poor high school students make poor college students, and good high school students are successful in college. If your plans call for college training, therefore, your past performance in school should be carefully considered and objectively weighed in relation to your chances for success in further schooling.

Previous work experience is another area to evaluate. How broad or narrow has your experience been? Have you worked extensively with people? Have you enjoyed working with your hands on a job requiring a high degree of manual dexterity? Have you worked out-of-doors and indoors, and if so, which did you enjoy most? What exploratory courses have you taken in school, and how did you like them? These and many other similar questions may be asked in relation to previous work experience.

In addition to these informal, self-appraisal techniques, there are many types of standardized tests, questionnaires, and inventories that may be used to add to one's understanding of himself. They are usually available to high school and college students through their counselors and, in spite of their limitations, are very valuable and helpful. Those most widely used are usually classified under these headings: mental ability or learning aptitude, special aptitude, achievement, interest, and personality. Their value depends largely upon the competency and experience of the person who administers and interprets them. One should use caution, therefore, when dealing with tests of this kind and should be certain that they are not misused or misinterpreted.

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New Approaches to Book of Mormon Study

by Dr. Hugh Nibley

PROFESSOR, HISTORY AND RELIGION
BR AM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Part 6



JOSEPH SMITH wanted only one thing of the Book of Mormon—that people should believe it. The story never sold well and only made trouble for the “author.” Those who believed he was a prophet would have believed him just as much without the Book of Mormon. His enemies would have had far less against him—the Book of Mormon might even be called his undoing. From the day he received the plates it gave him only trouble and pain.

But leave Joseph Smith out of it. Whoever wrote the Book of Mormon wanted before all else that people should believe in it. But what could any impostor gain by that? A deceiver would want people to buy the book, and would write a book that would sell—what concern of his whether anyone *believed* it or not? That rules out anyone but Joseph Smith as the author, for his case only was strengthened by such belief. As for a minister such as Spaulding or Sidney Rigdon producing it, that is completely out of the question once we appreciate the immense emphasis laid by the Book of Mormon itself on being believed, for what greater outrage or deadlier risk could a minister of the gospel run than that of forging scripture? Did Spaulding's heirs ever think of the terrible crime with which they were charging him? They asked the world to imagine the venerable divine in the presence of his attentive loved one reeling off a recitation of his own composition which, if not genuine, could only be the grossest blasphemy!

Again, we are forced back onto the old dilemma. Joseph Smith was either the fantastic, preposterous, implausible (jinni) genie his enemies describe—perpetrating the most monstrous crimes ever conceived by man with a clear countenance and sunny disposition, performing prodigies of labor for no reward but danger and contempt, engineering the most fiendishly cunning, criminal operations completely without motive—or else he was telling the truth. There is no middle way, for the Book of Mormon was given to the world as scripture, to be believed in the most literal sense. It is that aspect of it which gives us the key to the book's authorship. One can imagine all sorts of

things, but one cannot imagine any inhabitant of this planet composing just this type of book in the nineteenth century. It is to other ages that we must turn for the prototypes of the Book of Mormon.

Among the Scrolls is a great “Hymn of Thanksgiving,” a literary composition of real merit yet one which contains hardly a single original line! “These songs are as if woven from quotations from the Old Testament. . . . The style closely imitates that of the Psalms and other poetic writings of the Old Testament. Biblical reminiscences abound . . . quotations shine out at every moment.”⁷³⁶ This poetry illustrates the use of set and hallowed expressions



The historic town and port of Suez is two miles north of the southern terminus of the Suez Canal.

in religious writing to convey ancient and eternal ideas: the employment of stereotyped phrases is not a sign of mental weakness here, but actually of artistic skill. If the Book of Mormon actually comes from the Old World religious milieu with which it identifies itself, it also should resort often to set and accepted forms of expression, and the last thing we should expect to find in it would be gropings for original means of expression. And this is what, to the distress of modern literary critics, we do find.

An interesting phenomenon, announced by D. W. Thomas in 1950, supplies an important commentary on the Old World background to the Book of Mormon. It can be shown from the Lachish ostraca (discovered in 1935 and, up until the finding of the Scrolls, "the most important find ever made in Biblical archaeology"), "that our Hebrew Bible bears upon it the stamp of the dialect of Judah current about the sixth century B.C."⁵⁷ This can only mean that our text of the Old Testament comes from about the time of Lehi and closely resembles the Bible he used—for otherwise the details of the particular dialect of his time and place could not possibly predominate in the text. That being the case, the close—though not slavish—adherence of Old Testament quotations in the Book of Mormon to the style of our own Bible need not be regarded as a suspicious circumstance. If the least be said for it, this is a fortunate coincidence for the Book of Mormon, for though of course it does not prove the correctness of the book, it does prove that the Nephite scripture is not guilty of anachronism when it quotes the prophets in words that seem to be taken from our own version of the Bible.

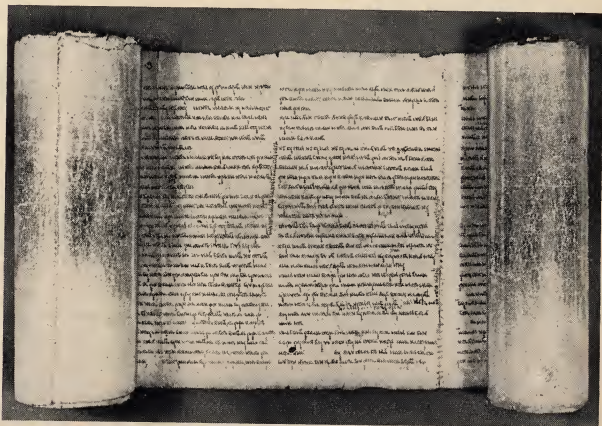
The Book of Mormon passage most often attacked as evidence of fraud is the statement in Ether that "... faith is things which are hoped for and not seen." (Ether 12:6.) The natural impulse is to detect in the verse an obvious distortion of Hebrews 11:1, but wouldn't Joseph Smith while translating the Book of Mormon have had the same idea? A basic principle of textual criticism is that impostors always avoid obvious pitfalls, and when they make crude blunders, it is because of ignorance and oversight—but the Prophet was

not ignorant of the scriptural parallel, nor can he have overlooked it. "There is nothing easier," says Blass, "than to argue from contacts and resemblances that a text is spurious," and he reminds us that, since parallel passages are *extremely* common in literature, to view even close parallels as a proof of fraud is a very uncritical practice.⁵⁸ In the present case, however, it is hard to see how Moroni could have avoided speaking like Paul, since they are both discussing the same limited concept from the same traditional point of view. In the chapter in which the passage occurs, the word *faith* is used no fewer than twenty-six times, for this is Moroni's great treatise on faith. What word did he use? Surely the classic *amn* was the root, for it is used in all Semitic languages as in Egyptian to express the basic ideas of "faith," (1) loyalty or firmness, and (2) expectation.⁵⁹ Both these ideas are clearly expressed in the best-known of all Semitic words, our own "Amen."⁶⁰ This is rendered in the Septuagint by *genoito*, a simple optative expressing hope: "May it come to pass!" Faith, in the direct and concrete language of the Semites, is something hoped for: the Arab has no abstract word for "faith" as we do, but instead uses a number of terms all meaning "something in the mind," "something imagined or wished."⁶⁰ What else could Moroni have said if he used any Semitic (or Egyptian)

word for *faith*, except that it was the things we hope for?

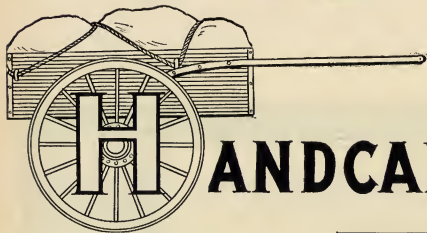
If faith is the keynote of Moroni's whole commentary on the Book of Ether, it is also the keynote of the Messianic religion, which was before all things a religion of hope. We have noted above that the Scrolls, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament speak a common language wherever they have "apocalyptic associations." The Book of Hebrews, aside from being the most baffling and mysterious piece in all the scriptures, is also the most apocalyptic, and the eleventh chapter is the nucleus of the whole thing; it runs, in the Apocryphal tradition, through the list of the "elders" of each of the ancient dispensations—Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and Christ, showing how each lived by faith and so received things from heaven. In the same way, Moroni reviews the world's history in terms of faith, showing that men must live by faith in the hope for things to come. And in the same way all the Apocrypha, a huge and very ancient literature—far older than Paul or Moroni—treat of this, their standard theme.^{60a} Since all these writers have the same conception of history, religion, and politics, is it surprising that they should have the same ideas about faith, the cornerstone of the whole doctrine? The Scrolls and Apocrypha are just beginning to show us what the Book of Mormon describes so fully and so

(Continued on page 246)



The Isaiah Scroll, found by Bedouin during the summer of 1947 in a cave near the north end of the Dead Sea.

They sat on the bank, overgrown with dandelions and snakegrass, . . .



HANDCARTS WESTWARD

PART 2

PAM, CAN Phil and I have some quince preserves?" asked Jerry. Pamela busily engaged in mopping up the kitchen floor, turned to see the two little boys in the doorway.

"I'll spread some on bread in a minute for you," she answered. "How are things at your house, Phil?"

"All right. David and Jed have gone cattle buying. Ma wants you to come over." Smiling at the small replica of his brother, she said, "Tell her I will."

Anyone knowing Minerva Weiler took for granted the cheerfulness of

SYNOPSIS

Pamela Brownlee and her young brother, Allan, English emigrants, have arrived in Iowa City in 1855, on their way to Zion. Here they meet the Saunders family and their friends the Weilers, long-time members of the Church. Pamela is particularly attracted to David Weiler. Iowa City, at that time is the outfitting post for the Saints in their trek west, and Pamela and Allan and all their new-found friends are longing to be an actual part of that movement westward.

her home. Light pieces of furniture, settee, and chairs with curlicue arms, delicate, violet muslin curtains, tastefully hung, seemed to center around a heavy gilt framed photograph of the Prophet Joseph as commander of the Nauvoo Legion.

"Everyone looks at it a great deal.

It is a fine study of a great man." Minerva spoke reverently as her nimble needle slipped in and out of the garment she was sewing. "And his wife is a great lady, also."

"You knew them both very well, didn't you?" Pamela's eyes were bright as she listened avidly for any

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

bit of information of these two. The memory of them meant so much to all who had been privileged to associate with them.

"Yes, very well." Her sewing lay in her lap, as she smiled reminiscently. "When I could get away, I used to go up to the Mansion House and help her with her many household duties. It was supposed to be a sort of hotel, but they didn't always charge for board and room. It can easily be understood when you think of the many people coming and going, curious outsiders, investigators, and Church members. Every new convert wanted to see and talk to the Prophet. If it was anywhere near mealtime, the visitor was invited to remain. The table was spread with the bounties of earth—fine beef, fresh vegetables from their own garden, pies, cakes, jellies, and preserves. Naturally as the persecution became more intense, they had to be more particular about charging. I remember one very warm day, after finishing the dishes and setting the house to rights, Emma and I sat outside in the cool shade of the house. I admired the pretty climbing roses. She said, 'I'll clip you a bouquet.' Across the spacious lawn we saw Joseph the Prophet, coming through the gate."

"Oh, tell me what he looked like," Pamela spoke breathlessly.

"He was tall and athletic in build; he loved to wrestle with the brethren and engage in other sports. He was light-complexioned. His eyes beamed with pride on his little boys, who with my David, were tumbling on the grass and running through the evergreens bordering the path. He had reason to be proud of the little fellows, for they were as handsome as you would want to see."

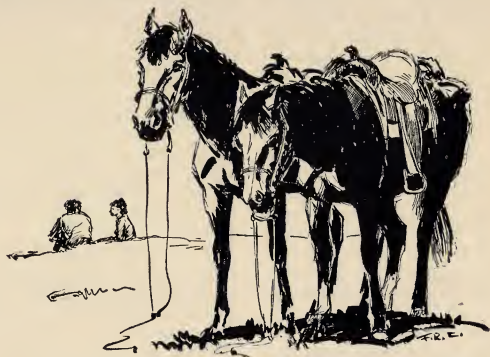
"No finer looking than David," Pamela said, smiling.

"Perhaps not. As he approached us, I remember his affable cheerfulness, considering that even then the mobocrats were closing in. I can't describe his expression—it was peculiar to himself alone. But I know that one's eyes naturally rested on him, and one never tired of hearing him speak. It was a real treat to see him with Emma, such adoration as they showed for each other. There was a slight weariness in his countenance this day which was lifted when he looked at her. As she greeted him, I noted her olive complexion, tinted pink with the heat and recent exertions,

the deep throaty voice, black eyes, and lustrous dark hair, making a picture any artist would like to paint."

Pamela hung on every word of the description. Still gazing at the mother of the boy she was growing fond of, she thought of a friend's description of her: "There is a certain light emanating from her soul, which seems pitted against the powers of darkness."

Like her husband, Mrs. Weiler implicitly trusted in the words of President Joseph Smith. He had said, "We teach our people correct principles, and they govern themselves." They interpreted that as referring also to the rearing of a family. So they had



not taken too much to heart the attitude of their eldest son, David. In truth, the real trouble with the boy was a feeling that God had deserted his people.

Stephan Weiler coming into the room, sat down. "I think I see David's conception of God is changing. It is something which cannot happen quickly, but it is there. It is being mirrored in the friendly neighbors in Iowa, those not of our faith. He sees a kindly peace-loving people and is gradually deciding that over them and us is a loving heavenly Father."

What he said was indeed true. The predominant professions in the state were preachers and lawyers, the latter being busy with minor cases, suits over boundary fences and a cow encroaching on a neighbor's property. Technical points of law were secondary to the wit and humor the case evoked.

MEETING Pamela after her day's work at the store, David asked her to go riding. They rode side by

side until they came to the muddy river which to Pamela had suddenly become a sparkling stream, blue as the heavens. They sat on the bank, and David began: "I'm not good enough for you, Pam. There are many stalwarts in the faith more worthy of you."

"David, listen to me. I met some of the very finest men, missionaries from Zion, but not by word or deed did they hint that they were looking for a wife. As for me, I just didn't feel that way about them."

"Perhaps later—in the valley."

"David, if I can't have you, I want no one."

"I was thinking only of your happiness."

Pamela felt her face turning pink, "Who would have predicted that Miss Pamela of Darby Vale would propose to a young man?"

"Hardly that, Pam, sweetheart. I've loved you with all the longing in my heart. But I was afraid to hope. I feared I'd lose you."

"Never fear again."

He drew her close and whispered, "We'll be married soon."

"But David, I feel that I owe my parents the courtesy of asking their permission."

"All right, but you must remember that I am leaving with my family in the first handcart company in the spring. I have the assignment to drive the cattle. Edmund Ellsworth will captain it, and Father will drive the commissary wagon."

"It sounds thrilling. I'll get the letter off at once, and surely an answer will be here in time."

THE night came at last when Phineas' voice was heard cutting through the cold of the winter night.

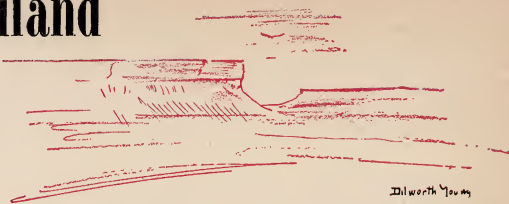
(Continued on page 254)

Four Visits in Hopiland

by S. Dilworth Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

FIRST OF TWO PARTS



IF BEING at peace and getting along with one's next door neighbors is any sign of civilization, the Hopi tribes of Indians atop their three mesas in Arizona are a highly civilized people. A Hopi is usually at peace with himself and with his neighbors. Becoming at peace with oneself is one thing which, in America, many a person has not yet learned very well how to do. For unknown centuries the Hopi have clung to their table mountain homes. Narrow, flat mountaintops are their building lots. Their fences are the abysses which drop off steeply on all sides, protecting them from their enemies. It would take an intrepid warrior indeed to attempt to storm these massive buttresses to get at the villages. Narrow trails wind along the cliffs to the top. Any of these trails can be defended by a half dozen men against a multitude.

From a distance, one sees their flat-roofed homes, piled indiscriminately one upon another, with eager anticipation. Even so it was with President Golden Buchanan of the Southwest Indian Mission, Sister Buchanan, and me, one morning as we approached the village of Walpi on First Mesa.

Today a modern automobile road winds up the side of the cliff to the village. I was sorry, for I should like to be forced to use the only way the ancient Indians had of reaching the top, the narrow trail scaling the precipices.

As we reached the top of the mountain, we found ourselves suddenly in the narrow village street, lined on both sides with the adobe-walled homes of the Hopi. We had a feeling akin to that which one would have should he try to drive his car through ten or fifteen back yards of his neighbors, peering into the doorways and windows as he drove by, all at arm's reach.

When we reached the center of the village, we dismounted and explored on foot. Quite often we would meet aged Hopi men or women. We would give them a greeting and smile, and they, in courteous acknowledgment, would say some word unintelligible to us, in return. But the smile with which they said the words indicated to us that they were friendly and not unhappy about our being there. I had a feeling that I was walking around in their private yards without asking permission to do so and felt some degree of shyness for fear that I would give offense by the intrusion.

The village of Walpi is very picturesque. Here and there strings of red peppers hang from the windows, a happy splash of color against the brown adobe walls. The windows are small and set far back in the walls, giving an air of mystery to the buildings. The day was warm during our visit, so most of the doors to the homes were open, but their interiors were dark. We were in the bright sunlight so that the light itself formed an effective screen against our viewing the inside. We were not invited in, although I am told that should we have gone up to doors and knocked, very likely we would have been invited inside.

In several strategic places ladders protruded from the ground from mounds of brick and earth. These were circular in nature and flat on top with wooden framed openings through which the ladders protruded. We were given to understand these were the *kivas*, those mysterious subterranean rooms in which the Hopis perform the mystic rites of religion handed down to them from generation to generation. About thirty feet from the edge of one of the *kivas*, the flat land ceased, and the cliff dropped sharply away. Standing on the edge and looking over the vast

expanse of the Arizona desert, one senses the isolation of the tribe and why the community stays so closely knit. A hive of bees work with no more common purpose than do the Hopis insofar as their community life is concerned. Each works for himself, but each works also for the good of all. The cliffs surrounding them seal in their interest and their activities and turn community life into itself.

I walked along the edge of the cliff toward the west end of the mesa. It wasn't far. The whole village is encompassed in a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile in length and perhaps seventy-five yards in its widest place, coming to a point where both sides narrow down until a few steps in any of three directions places one on the edge of the precipice.

I gazed over the expanse of the landscape. Far to the west and north stood the great buttresses of Second Mesa, and farther on, sharply etched against the desert sky, stood Third Mesa. I could see the small, toy-like houses atop Second Mesa, but the distance to Third Mesa was too great for this view. I have been told that the Hopis, leaving their cliff fortress, oftentimes run great distances across the desert to their small fields to spend the day in cultivating the corn and beans which grow in the sandy soil, their roots seeking deeply for the water which feeds them. Then they trot back at the close of the day to their homes.

In the old days watches were kept constantly at the top of the cliff for signs of invading Navajos and Apaches, but nowadays it is not necessary, and the old watchtowers are unused.

While musing, with my back to the village and enjoying the soft color of the desert lights against the distant cliffs, I heard a shuffling sound, accompanied by the shrill scream of an

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eagle. It sounded too near for comfort, and I instinctively ducked. Looking up into the air I could see nothing, but as I turned around, coming toward me along the narrow edge of the cliff was an aged Hopi man. Around his black hair was bound a bright red cloth band. He carried in his hand a small pail and stopped at a small shed next to the house nearest to me.

Many years ago, as a small boy taken with the idea of having pigeons, I had built such a shed against the barn on our lot. The roof sloped back. Its dimensions were about three feet square. The front was covered with a heavy wire screen, a part of which had been fashioned into a small door. The Hopi stopped before this cage, for that is what it was, and opened the door and began to insert pieces of meat from his pail.

I drew close, but did not speak, for the old man seemed to be intent on his work and bore an air of not wanting to be disturbed. Roosting on a perch within the cage was an immense golden eagle. I could tell from the plumage that the bird was young, although practically full grown. As the man laid the pieces of meat on a small board just within the door, the eagle would reach forward and snap them up, all the while looking fiercely at his captor. The eagle looked baleful and wicked, but it was not hard to tell that the old man fed the eagle with a great deal of affection.

Having given the eagle all the meat in the pail, the old man unscrewed from the wire a small can

and replaced the water supply. Then he turned to go. I asked him why he kept the eagle in captivity and how he came to obtain it in the first place, but he shook his head and made no reply. Somehow, by this sign I understood that he did not speak English. I do not speak Hopi, so I had to imagine what he might have said. During my scouting days I had learned the rudiments of the Indian sign language, so I tried what I conceived to be the proper use of these signs, but they must have been rudimentary, for the old man did not respond to the effort. Soon he turned away and plodded on moccasin feet around the end of the building and disappeared from view.

Later in the day I engaged in conversation with a friendly Hopi who could speak English. I asked him to tell me the story of the eagle. The particular eagle which I saw was a ceremonial eagle being raised for its feathers, its claws, and its beak. All of these portions of the eagle are used by the Hopis in their religious ceremonies in the *kiva*. The eagle feathers are most highly prized of any. The tail and wing feathers of an eagle are probably the nearest to simple beauty of any in the bird world. Pure white from the quill to near the tip, there they are splashed with a beautiful brown. They are used in many ways and on many parts of the Indian ceremonial costume.

The birds are caught while still unable to fly. The process is a dangerous one, but the Indians who engage in it get a great deal of en-

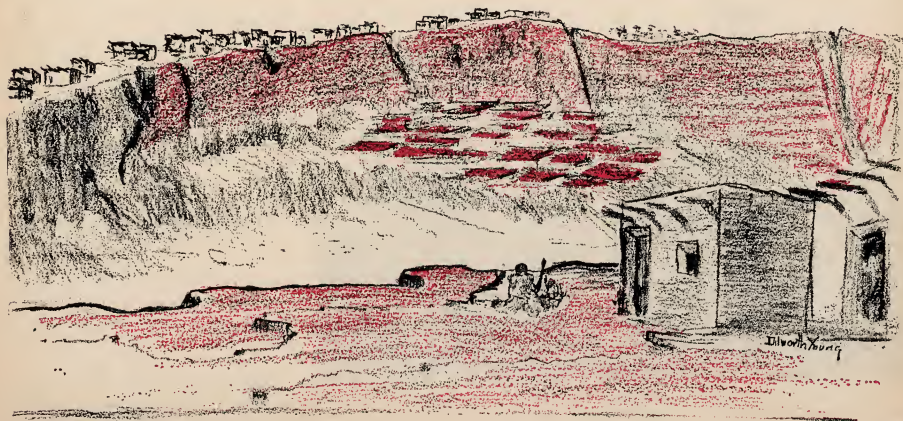
joyment out of it. They prospect the distant mesas and cliffs, watching the flying birds from a distance until they see them alight on the cliff face. Then the hunters draw near, until they can see where the nest is located. If the cliff can be scaled, they climb up to the nest. If it is inaccessible or the nest is on a ledge which is under an overhang on the face of the cliff, the Indians raid the nest from the top of the cliff. In the ancient days the trunks of trees formed an anchor around which they wound their ropes on which they lowered one of their companions over the cliff to the nest. Now, iron bars are driven in the ground for the same purpose.

The Indian is lowered on the rope until he is even with the nest. Then he starts himself swinging until he swings in and reaches the young eagle out of the nest. Clutching the young bird tightly, he swings back and is drawn up to safety. The young eagle is then carried home and put in a cage and carefully nursed and fed until he is completely grown and matured. Then he is ceremoniously killed and his feathers plucked carefully. These are prepared and treated for the various ceremonial costumes. They form a very important part of Hopi life and culture and are highly prized.

II

THE buildings at old Oraibi atop Third Mesa, which we visited next, are falling into disrepair and

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In the Steps of **ABRAHAM**

by Stanley Kimball

IV

—Photos by the author

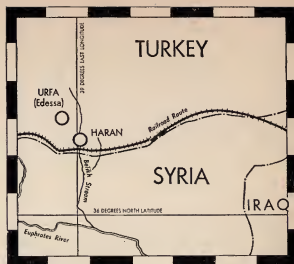
THE train pulled into Achochola, a border town of several hundred Turks, a little after midnight. The little Arabic I had learned was useless. Oh, well! So that the police would know that I was in town, or better yet, so that the inhabitants would know that the police knew I was in town, I checked my luggage with them and then put up for the rest of the night in the local khan. I crawled into "bed," and that day's adventures were over.

I arose early, hoping to have a full day to accomplish something. Here I was in the border town between Turkey and Syria, the closest rail stop to Haran, where Abraham and company traveled after leaving Ur. (You find yourself in the most surprising places when you endeavor to follow a four thousand year old trail.) Clouds were everywhere, and it looked as if I would not get many good photographs of Haran.

I delayed sightseeing in Achochola until my return and went to see the

"Abraham's Door," this group of stones has been fancifully so named. The ruined tower of medieval times is over 100 feet high. This is what is left of Haran, where Abraham went after leaving Ur.

police to find out how to get to Haran. Our conversation was rather limited inasmuch as we spoke no related



tongues. It soon became apparent that I must either change my itinerary a little or rent an expensive jeep. I changed my itinerary. It seemed that the best thing to do was to go to the city of Urfa first and thence to Haran. Urfa was about fifty miles north of Achochola. Soon I was in a truck traveling over what passed for a road. We "roared" out of town at 30 kilometers an hour. There was no battery, and every time we stopped to pick up some Turk, who would appear on the plains out of nowhere, it was necessary to get out the crank to get going again.

Just when Urfa came into view, we had a blowout. Not willing to lose any time, I bargained with the next truck that came along and was soon in the police station of Urfa letting them know my business. I checked in at a hotel and was off immediately to see the sights.

There is one Christian ruin of importance to see, the citadel. All that remains of this third-century build-

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Two "shieks" of the plains around Haran, ancient home of Abraham. The horses have no bit and are controlled by a single rein. Notice the sugar-loaf homes in the background.



Cemetery adjacent to the Mosque of Abraham. The fez was abolished in the 1920's. Old-time Turks preserved their traditional headgear even in death. Note the young Turk in the now familiar cap.

ing is the foundation, the mote, cut out of rock, and two gigantic pillars still defying time and gravity. Not much to see, its great stones bear mute testimony to the skill and diligence of its builders long since gone.

From its heights above the city I could gaze out over the plains where Abraham may have journeyed. Here I caught a fair view of Urfa, its main street, twisting alleys, horse and cattle

market, mosques, the Christian church, the seat of an Armenian archbishop.

Urfa, formerly known as Edessa, came into importance under the Seleucus Empire (c. 312 B.C.). The many roads that connected Asia Minor and Mesopotamia reached Syria either at Antioch or Edessa.²⁷ Tradition states that Christianity was established here by one of the seven-
ties²⁸ sent by Thomas the Apostle.

At any rate, Christianity was in Edessa by the time of Irenaeus (85 A.D.). Edessa is said to have become the first Christian kingdom. It was also the earliest seat of Syrian-speaking Christianity. By the third century it was the seat of a bishop.²⁹

Of much greater interest is the connection of Urfa with Abraham and Mohammedanism. Mohammed searched for a common ground on which to construct a faith which he probably hoped would include all monotheists. The common ground of that religion was Abraham. Mohammed saw that Abraham lifted the reproach of heathenism from the Arab race. "More-than once Mohammed declared that he did not come to found a new religion, but to restore and propagate in the Arabic language the religion of Abraham, Moses, and Christ."

In the Koran we read that Abraham even built the Kaaba, the most holy shrine in the Moslem world, situated in Mecca. Authorities say this is impossible, and even *L'Encyclopedie de L'Islam* denies it. The Koran also recounts the revelations of Abraham, his visitations of angels, how he was taught the doctrine of the resurrection, his sacrifice of Isaac, and other doctrines that Mohammed most likely abstracted from the old Testament.

Mohammedanism tradition and

(Continued on page 272)



The front door of a home in Haran. Notice the mixture of basalt ruins and mud bricks used to fashion the doorway.
APRIL 1954



Everything for sale from shoes to nuts in this Turkish "general store" in Achochola, a border town between Turkey and Syria



sight of the little cottage half hidden among the trees was a tonic—no, Dan Hulgren corrected his thought, it was a sedative. Made him think he had prospects, lulled him into thinking he could have what he wanted when he knew better. If he owned this land instead of being a hired hand; if he owned this tractor—if he came from a family that owned land or tractors there might be some point in looking wishfully at the house. Anyway, there was no percentage in

sitting on a ditch bank daydreaming. A sweet dream though, he and Carol and the cottage!

Korea was behind him. In a few weeks he would be graduated. Carol had indicated that she was willing to risk married life with him. Then why wasn't he?

Like a faintly heard melody spring was thrumming her way back after a long winter. Wind, souging gently across dormant fields, rattled empty seed pods and rustled dry grass blades together in a paean of promise. Up the ditch a frog added

a bass accompaniment. The peace of the sounds, the *feel* of the returning bothered him.

“Promise. Phooey.”

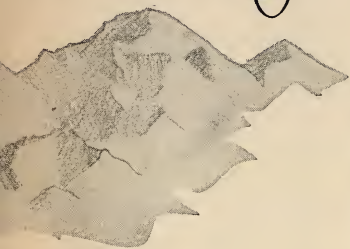
Presently Dan climbed on the tractor again, and its coughing smothered the good earth sounds. He loved the feel of the wheel under his hands but, more, he loved to watch the ribbon of earth drop in brown folds beside the share.

As he made the turn at the head of the field, Dan cut the motor again. If this place were not sold by next spring, he might be able to rent it.

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Spring is a melody

by Dorothy Clapp Robinson



If Dad had been home *this* spring, he could have rented it.

Dan turned and looked back across the highline ditch to where his father was plowing with a team. The land he was trying to work had been seeded to alfalfa several years earlier. Some of it had survived drought and renters and now stipped the field with stubborn, tenaciously clinging plants.

Dad was trying, but he wasn't cutting the alfalfa roots! He'd have a great crop at that rate, but what else could he be expected to do with that team?

Oh, well, that forty acres wouldn't raise wheat anyway, especially if water was scarce. Savagely Dan swung the tractor about. That's what happened when a man was off doing Church work when he should be home tending to the business of making a living. But that was Dad, and the pattern of his life; buy a place on too small a payment, have a crop failure or two; sign a note for someone who needed help, then be off on a short-term mission when he should have been home looking for a place to rent.

"Don't worry," Mother had told him when this forty Dan was plowing had been rented to Steve Baker. "Your father will find something when he gets here."

"What, for instance? That old

Jimson place that is half dry farm is the only place left. No one would have it as a gift. I tried my best to get that forty ahead of Steve Baker, and if Dad had been here, we could have swung it."

Mrs. Hulgren had put aside the biscuits she was making and had faced him. "You have the wrong idea, Dan. Losing our place had nothing to do with your father's Church activities."

"But he is always—"

"No. No. It was a little bad luck, perhaps a little poor judgment, and signing that note with his brother—"

"Who had no more prospects or intention than a jack rabbit of paying it back."

"No prospects, but you are wrong about the intentions. And what kind of brother would your father have been had he refused to help at such a time?"

"What about his own family, and you especially?"

"Don't feel sorry for me. I have just what I want. It isn't every mother who has a family like mine."

There had been no answer to that but to hug her and go back to work. He was working for Steve Baker after school and on Saturdays to help himself through school and because he loved the work.

That evening Dan broached the subject to his father. "Look, Dad, why don't I rent Steve's tractor and do that plowing for you?"

Mr. Hulgren looked across the table at his son. "I have no money for renting a tractor."

"But I can—"

"You'll need what you earn to help out on graduation. Besides, by the time you are finished at Steve's and he has finished all he has promised, it will be too late."

All Steve had promised, that must

mean the tractor was to be used at night. "But, Dad," he tried again, "I watched you trying to plow that alfalfa. That team and old plow couldn't touch it."

"True, but there is nothing more I can do about it this year. We'll manage. We always have, and I have faith that everything will work out for the best."

Dan left the table hurriedly lest he say something he would regret. Such methods, and this talk of faith got him down. Every farmer must have faith, but he must have judgment as well. So here they were on the Jimson place with prospects for a fine crop of weeds. And then he wondered why he didn't ask Carol to marry him. But how did he know he would do any differently? And who, in his right mind, would ask a girl to share such a prospect?

Dan was in no mood to talk to anyone that evening but he had a date to study with Carol. Reluctantly he put his text on soil chemistry under his arm and started across the fields.

Carol greeted him from the shadow of a tree near the yard gate. "Hi. I was listening for your jalopy."

Jalopy! Probably all he would ever have. He answered shortly. "I felt like walking. Quite educational, especially across your Dad's well-tended fields."

Carol ignored his sarcasm. He had been moody lately, but she could go along with that since he was working early and late, and school responsibilities were piling up, but acting like a spoiled child was something else again.

"What happened, did you work late?"

"No. As a matter of fact I quit a little early." He smiled.

"Aren't going to talk, huh?"

(Continued on following page)

SPRING IS A MELODY

(Continued from preceding page)

Startled Dan looked at her. The moon shining through the leaves varnished her hair and touched her lips. Her eyes were in shadow.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Forget it."

Dan squared around. His heart was doing flip-flops with his temper. "Carol, you know I love you—"

"Do you?" she answered quickly. "You say you love me, but you never talk about marriage. If it is a ring that's worrying you—"

Dan groaned. How could he make her understand when he was not sure he understood. All he knew was that he was afraid, but of what? Himself, or her?

"Try and understand." The words were so trite, so banal, he hated himself for saying them.

"What I understand is that you can't make up your own mind. Either you—"

She bit her lip. Oh, no, she couldn't say such a thing to him but she had—perhaps it was just as well.

Dan did not hear her note of regret. All he heard was confirmation of his own fears. Angry frustration gripped and shook him. Springing to his feet he strode unseeing, unhearing across the lawn. Carol started after him. Stopping, she leaned weakly against the tree. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Reaching the ditch above the Butler farm Dan dropped to its bank. Anger drained away. He felt sick and alone. What had possessed him to tear off in such a manner? "—You can't make up your own mind—" Didn't she know it was because of her?

He looked back at the Butler home. The house lay in darkness silhouetted by the moonlight.

Suddenly disgusted with his state of mind Dan rose slowly and went home, but inside him was a ball of ice that would not melt. He did not sleep much that night.

Next morning when ready for school Dan discovered his "jalopy" had a flat tire. He had no spare and by the time he had mended it and reached the spot where usually he picked up Carol she was not there. He waited a few minutes knowing all the while that she had gone on. Later in the day he caught a glimpse of her crossing the campus with Larry

Wright. Larry had always liked her. She was not waiting on the steps of the Union Building for the ride home.

SPRING passed swiftly into early summer. Graduation was a nightmare. Dan attended only those functions where his presence was required.

"Dan, what happened to you and Carol?" his sister Loie asked. "Why is she going with Larry Wright?"

"I suppose she prefers him."

"My, my, aren't we noble."

Then, before the graduation dance, she asked again, "What happened between you and Carol? Aren't you taking her to the dance?"

Dan started to say he wasn't going, but intuition stopped him. "How would you like to go with me?"

The light that brightened her face made him ashamed of himself. He had been so absorbed all spring he had scarcely noticed her. He knew she went and came home from work and helped Mother between then and bedtime. He suspected a large part of her earnings went into the household money purse. It came to him now that with Bert, her fiancé, in Korea she must have been fighting a battle all her own.

"Are you sure you want to take me?"

"I don't ask girls I don't want."

"Oh, Dan." Impulsively she threw her arms around him.

AS THEY drove through the twilight to the dance, Loie said:

"Answer me this time, Dan. What happened? We thought there was going to be a wedding right after graduation."

He countered with a question of his own. "How can you be so cheerful when you don't know Bert will return, and you don't know he will want you if he does?"

"Ever hear of the word *faith*?"

"But I am talking about life. Bert's folks—"

"You mean his mother? She has her ways, and they won't be easy to live with, but everyone has something, and I happen to know hers."

"Suppose Bert is like her? Then there is the prospect of unending struggle—"

"Are you by any chance thinking of our folks?"

"Well—what has life brought Mother?"

"Plenty. She got what she wanted."

"You're crazy. With the moving, the uncertainty, the lack of money—"

Loie chuckled. "Who said money was what she wanted? And as for the moving, we seem to have put our roots plenty deep, if you get what I mean."

"I get what you mean, but I still don't see—"

"Dan," she asked suddenly. "Are you afraid of marriage, or of yourself? Or of what the years will bring?"

"I am not sure. What keeps a woman loving a man when he fails? What makes her have faith in him?"

"Maybe—the feeling that what she wants is there in embryo. What makes spring so wonderful, like tonight for instance?"

"The newness, air, breezes, moon—"

"Those are but the outward signs. There is something more—"

Dan was maneuvering his jalopy into a parking spot. Another car came alongside, and there was no more time for confidences. As they entered the gym where the dance was in progress, Loie whispered, "Don't knock yourself out being brotherly. Think of your own future."

He nodded, but she could have saved her breath. He was not laying siege to Carol's favor. That was over, and he wasn't starting something with anyone else.

But he knew the instant Carol entered the room. Over Loie's shoulder he saw her stand, poised, looking over the crowd. Then she was in Larry's arms, and they were lost among the dancers. He groaned, and Loie looked up.

"Sweet, isn't she? I always thought blue made an angel of her."

"How did you know?" He stopped. Loie was in love herself. But how long could love last against disappointments?

The orchestra was good, the crowd gay; but for Dan the evening was flat, tasteless. Then Carol and Jim Collins danced by. Logic, resolutions, everything was washed away by the current set in motion by Carol's presence. He tapped Jim. Carol

(Continued on page 264)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Living, First

by Ivie H. Jones

HE WHO says that genealogy is a dead subject has forgotten that from the standpoint of the plan of salvation there is little separation between the dead and the living. Every person is a vital part of his father's household, and he should be intensely interested in connecting himself with his family line.

Translated into gospel language, genealogy means nothing more nor less than missionary work for the dead and the living. It means getting the records in order so that all the members of the family can be baptized into the Church, and the family be sealed together on earth, that it might remain as a unit in the eternities. That's all.

Research itself is interesting. It is challenging and absolutely necessary before the dead can be freed from bondage and brought into the Church of the Master. It is surprising, however, because of lack of proper organization and especially lack of follow-up, the amount of duplication of effort, time, and money that are expended on research. And it is even more surprising that after one has taken the time for research to secure the information necessary to do the temple work, he stops at that very critical point and the departed loved ones remain unbaptized.

IN THE research for the Mexican members of the Church, more than casual interest has been devoted to securing the genealogy for the living members. This emphasis has been threefold in purpose.

1st—Heirship has been difficult to establish, not only because of the limited members in a family who are in the Church, but also because of lax marriage ceremonies and the many in-law relationships.

2nd—Experience has taught that lack of preparation in advance has resulted in waste of time, effort, and finances. Couples have gone to the temple for their own temple ordi-

nances and failed to remember departed loved ones. At great sacrifice, these couples have returned to the temple to have their children who have passed away sealed to them.

3rd—Lack of understanding of the information necessary has hindered research and retarded progress. Innocence of this vital part of Church procedure is doubtless not confined, however, to the Mexican members of the Church.

At first a project to secure a family group genealogy sheet for every living Mexican member in the mission seemed like hitching one's wagon to a star. Now the goal is in sight, and the results from an educational standpoint in teaching record keeping and the principles of salvation for the dead are highly gratifying. One would scarcely imagine the improvement in the accuracy and completeness of the records now being sent through the office of the Spanish-American Mission on their way to the Index Bureau, and also in the living records for the mission files.

Having a family group sheet for the living on file is not the total answer to the problem because, as new members are brought into the Church, their records, too, must be on file in the same form. This, however, need not be an insurmountable task. By the time an investigator has applied for baptism, he knows that baptism is not for the living only. He also realizes that when Christ said that a man must be born of the water and of the spirit to enter into the kingdom of God, he did not intend to imply that only those who then lived needed baptism. He understands that all who have lived, all who now live, and those who will yet be born into the world must comply with this requirement to be exalted in the celestial kingdom. There is nothing complicated or mysterious about such teachings, but unless someone helps the investigator or shows him the need for such a record, he may go

years or even a lifetime without preparing it.

Today visual aids form an important part of missionary activities all over the world and the Spanish-American Mission has added one more visual aid to its list.

Of all the visual aids on the subject of salvation and exaltation, nothing could be more practical than actually helping the new candidate for baptism prepare his own personal family group sheet, and that is just what the missionaries and the local members of the genealogical committees are doing in the Spanish-American Mission. In fact, many missionaries are adding this as the final lessons of the new plan for teaching the gospel.

Merely having a record of a person's own household is only half the story. His record is not complete until he is recorded with his brothers and sisters, parents and grandparents.

With this new system in operation, it is not at all uncommon to receive, along with the customary record of baptism from the missionaries, family group sheets prepared by the new member for his family, back two or three generations.

At the close of a branch conference in Carlsbad, New Mexico, a group of sisters were discussing the spiritual feast just afforded them. A convert of some years had sat there in conference with eyes glued on the face of each speaker as though she were drinking in every word, when in reality she knew no Spanish. When commenting on her faithfulness in attending all meetings and conferences regardless of the language spoken, she made reply that she was so grateful for her membership in the Church and so perfectly happy that she could not afford to miss a meeting. "I am the only one in my family who is a member of the Church," she said with a degree of pride.

"Have none of your dead relatives been baptized vicariously?" she was asked. "Why, no," she said. Soon it was learned that she had never even gathered the records of her family or attempted to have any temple work done for those who had died without a knowledge of the restored gospel, nor had she been to the temple for her own endowments. "So, here you sit enjoying your membership in the Church and partaking of the blessings of the Lord, when you

(Concluded on page 263)



NIGHT INTO DAWN

by Irima Hegel

—Eva Luoma photo

ALL THAT evening the weight of her anxiety hung heavily on Nurse Laurie Tungeln. It was seven weeks since Hart had written from Korea. The questions resolved themselves over and over again in her mind. Had he been injured? Was he missing? A prisoner? Dead? She lingered on each possibility until her blond head beneath her perky nurse-cap ached. Her legs moved mechanically. Her hands were numb.

Down the white corridor of the VA Hospital to Ward 20 now! She stopped at the bed by the window. That was Johnny Isler's bed, and Private Johnny Isler was a very sick soldier. He looked up as she bent above him, his blue eyes bright with fever.

"How do you feel, Johnny?" Laurie asked.

"Pretty awful. I have an idea I'm going out tonight."

"Who says so?" Flippancy was a bit on the raw side, yet she couldn't let him dwell on the seriousness of his condition.

"I have a sensation of floating around in space."

"That's weakness."

She administered a sedative according to the doctor's orders, and Johnny continued staring at her.

"What day is it?" he croaked.

"The night before Easter."

"Easter. . . ." He laughed bitterly.

"What does Easter mean to you, Nurse?"

Laurie thought of Hart and the lonely terror of the last few weeks. She tried to smile.

"Easter—let's see—I think especially about those two women walking toward the garden where He had been laid. They were worrying over a stone that was barring the entrance to a grave, sick with grief. They were expecting a failure and making their lives miserable, even as you and I."

Johnny continued staring. "Go on," he commanded.

"You know the rest of the story, Johnny. The stone had been rolled away. He had not failed them, only they had failed in their faith, failed as we fail him, too, today."

She was speaking at this moment more to convince herself than him. Like the troubled women, journeying to the tomb with their spices, seeing

nothing but the stone! Yes, she could have been one of them. And tomorrow, Easter. . . .

"You believe what's in the book, Nurse?" Johnny spoke softly.

"The stone was rolled away—remember? Let's hang on to our faith tonight, both of us. Let's keep thinking of the empty tomb."

He smiled wanly, turning his brown head on his pillow. He was so young, Laurie thought as she left him, scarcely twenty. He couldn't die. He had a girl back home in Michigan. He'd said so. He had parents too, a home, a future. Laurie knew, at twenty-four, that faith was not a quackish miracle. She had seen it win against heavy odds too many times. Even Doctor Parker, cold scientific man that he was, had said prayer had a therapeutic action that was a powerful force in recuperation. But if she did not sincerely believe herself, how could she give others faith? She *would* believe, she told herself firmly. Away with doubts! *Dear God, I leave Hart in thy tender care. I believe.* And then the age-old plea of the father of the child: *Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.*

Through the white rooms, the white corridors, Laurie moved silently, efficiently. She glanced down at dark Italian faces, high cheek-boned Irish, broad Scandinavian features, and all the others. She smiled as she straightened a pillow. She spoke a word of encouragement, patting a cover in place. And always there was the candle in her heart fluttering bravely against the winds of doubt.

Past midnight now. The only light in the silent VA Hospital was over the desk at the far end of the hall. Miss Tromble was reading, her redhead bent over a book. She looked up as Laurie approached.

"I've been waiting for you. Surprise!" She held up a telegram.

Laurie grasped the yellow envelope, her hands trembling. She tore the flap and pulled out the typewritten sheet.

"Trombie, it is from Hart! He's in San Francisco."

"Ummm." Miss Tromble smiled. "Somebody is going to have a happy Easter. Want me to send for a relief?"

Laurie shook her blond head, laughing. "Hart won't be in the east till late tomorrow. I have oodles of time."

(Concluded on page 270)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Round Bales

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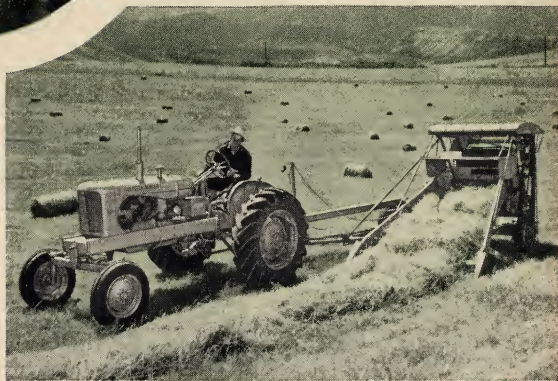
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NEW APPROACHES TO BOOK OF MORMON STUDY

(Continued from page 233)

well—the complete engrossment of the righteous folk of Israel in a religion of expectation.

The only rival of the “faith-things-which-are-hoped-for” passage as a target for critics is Lehi’s description of himself as one “. . . whose limbs ye must soon lay down in the cold and silent grave, from whence no traveler can return.” (II Nephi 1:4.) This is the passage—the lone passage—that has inspired those scathing descriptions of the Book of Mormon as a mass of stolen quotations from “Shakespeare and other English poets.” Lehi does not quote Hamlet directly, to be sure, for he does not talk of “that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns,” but simply speaks of “the cold and silent grave, from whence no traveler can return.” In mentioning the grave, the eloquent old man cannot resist the inevitable “cold and silent,” nor the equally inevitable tag about the traveler—a tag so inevitable that not only Shakespeare but also Lehi’s own contemporaries made constant use of it!

Long ago Friedrich Delitzsch wrote a classic work on the Babylonian and Assyrian, i.e., the common Near Eastern, ideas about death and the beyond. And what was the title of his book? *Das Land ohne Heimkehr*—“The Land of No Return.”⁶¹ In the story of Ishtar’s descent to the underworld, the lady goes to the *irsit la tari*, “the land of no return,” (where *tari* may be the same root as that used in our own “re-turn,”), she visits “the dark house from which no one ever comes out again,” and travels along “the road on which there is no turning back.”⁶² Someone is plagiarizing like mad, for these are the most obvious variations on the Hamlet theme—even more obvious than Lehi’s! Recently Tallquist has made a thorough study of Sumerian and Akkadian names for the world of the dead; conspicuous among these are “the hole, the earth, the land of no return, the city of no return, the path of no turning back, the road whose course never turns back, the distant land, the steppe, the desert, etc.”⁶³ Shakespeare should sue. In *Lehi in the Desert* we had occasion to note more than once that Lehi loved poetic discourse and high-flown speech, was

proud of his sound literary education, and was much given to recitation. Since custom sanctioned and expected the use of such terms as he employed in speaking of the grave, it is hard to deny him the luxury of speaking as he was supposed to speak. Especially significant is the fact that the ideas to which the aged Lehi here gives such moving expression by no means reflect either his own, (or Mormon’s, or Joseph Smith’s!) ideas as to what the after-life is really like. That shows that he is indulging in a strictly conventional and normal bit of educated eloquence, as old men are wont to. If he had a weakness for paraphrasing Hamlet’s soliloquy when speaking about death, so did all his contemporaries!

Speaking of Lehi’s poetry, we should not overlook the latest study on the *qasida*, that of Alfred Bloch, who distinguishes four types of verse in the earliest desert poetry: (1) the *ragaz*-utterances to accompany any rhythmical work, (2) verses for instruction or information, (3) elegies, specializing in sage reflections on the meaning of life, and (4) *Reiselieder* recited on a journey to make the experience more pleasant and edifying.⁶⁴ Lehi’s *qasida*, (I Ne. 2:9-10), as we described it in *Lehi in the Desert*, conforms neatly to any of the last three of these types, thus vindicating its claims to be genuine. The same verses may also be described as *saj*, a type of “rhymed prose,” according to Nicholson, “which . . . originally had a deeper, almost religious significance as the special form adopted by poets, soothsayers, and the like in their supernatural revelations and for conveying to the vulgar every kind of mysterious and esoteric lore.”⁶⁵

The most characteristic mark of Apocryphal literature is the constant use of stereotyped imagery—the tower, the vineyard, the kingdom, etc.—to convey familiar and venerable ideas. This same characteristic is conspicuous in Book of Mormon writers of the early period, i.e., those who were educated in the Old World or were brought up by those who were. Lehi himself is much given to allegorical discourse and his dreams are full of striking imagery; but to his son Jacob goes the prize for the longest and most involved parable in

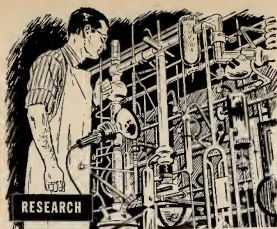
the book. It has to do with repeated visits of the lord of an estate to his vineyard and reminds us that Deissmann showed that the *Parousia* of a governor or estate-owner, a term employed in New Testament times and in the Apocrypha to describe the visits of the Lord to this earth, is not of Christian origin at all. Both the word and the institution are a conspicuous part of the economy of the Near East throughout ancient times,⁶⁶ but this was not known until Deissmann’s studies in the present century.

Another Book of Mormon custom on which the discovery of the Scrolls has thrown brilliant light is what might be called the cult of the banner. A text designated by the modern title of “The Rule of Battle for the Sons of Light” shows that the Jews shared with other people of antiquity “a mystical conception of war,” according to which the carnage of the battlefield was “a sacred act” surrounded by definite ritual.⁶⁷

The document in question contains special instructions for the Children of the Covenant on the marshalling of the hosts for war: “On the great ensign placed at the head of all the army shall be inscribed: ‘Army of God’ together with the name of ‘Israel and Aaron’ and the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. On the ensign of the thousand group shall be inscribed: ‘Wrath of God, full of anger, against Belial and all the people of his party, without any survivors.’ On the ensign of the hundred group shall be inscribed: ‘From God comes the energy to fight against all sinful flesh.’” Other inscriptions are given for the other military units, all of them more or less lengthy and proclaiming some inspiring principle or program to guide the hosts, and there are special inscriptions for entering battle, engaging in battle, and returning from battle.⁶⁸

The flag is an Asiatic invention,⁶⁹ and there is a very ancient legend of how in the beginning when Iran was under the rule of the serpent, a blacksmith named Kawe put his leather apron upon a pole, and “that was the flag of Iranian independence, which, under the name of *dirafsh-i-kawiyani* (Flag of Kawe) remained the national standard down to the time of the Arab conquest.” To lead

(Continued on page 248)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

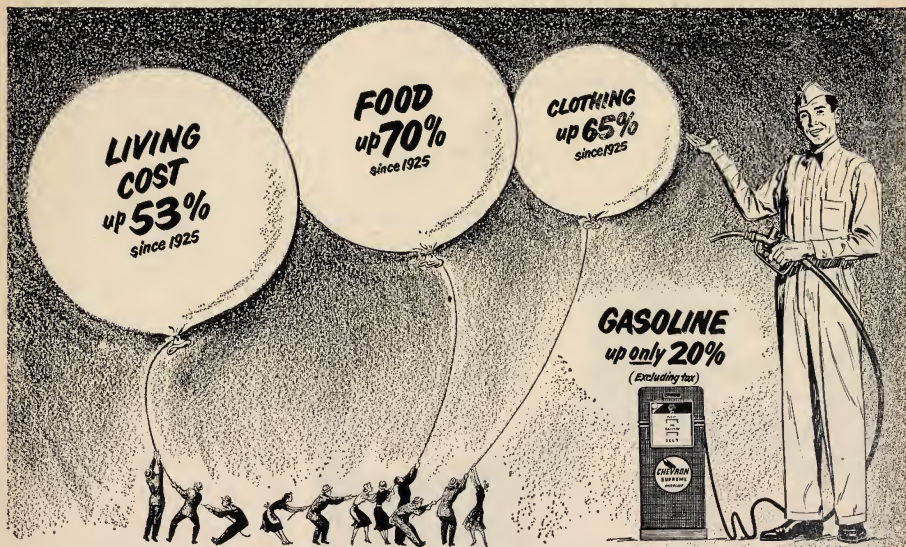


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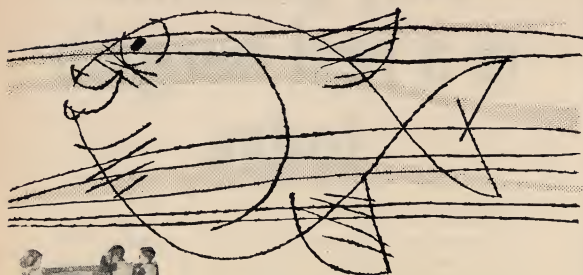


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New Approaches to Book of Mormon Study

(Continued from page 246)

the nation under its new flag of liberation the hero Threataona was raised up in the mountains.⁷⁰ This Threataona is a doublet of King Cyrus, founder of the Persian nation, who holds such a high and holy place in Jewish tradition that he is next to Solomon alone the holiest of kings.⁷¹

Turning now to the Book of Mormon, we read how "... it came to pass that he (Moroni) rent his coat; and he took a piece thereof, and wrote upon it—In memory of our God, our religion, and freedom, and our peace, our wives, and our children—and he fastened it upon the end of a pole. . . . and he took the pole, which had on the end thereof his rent coat, (and he called it the title of liberty).” All who followed Moroni on that occasion entered into a solemn covenant, and once Moroni gained the upper hand, "... whomsoever . . . would not enter into a covenant to support the cause of freedom . . . he caused to be put to death.” (Alma 46:12-13, 35.) The surprising savagery and peculiarly Old-World concepts of "liberty" are matched perfectly in the special instructions to leaders in the "Rule of Battle" Scroll. These leaders are priests, whose duty before the battle is to turn towards the enemy, denounce them as a "congregation of wickedness," and formally dedicate them to destruction. Their song of triumph, "woven entirely of biblical texts," has a fierce and Asiatic ring: "... bring the riches of the nations into Thy dwelling! And may their kings serve Thee, and may all Thine oppressors prostrate themselves before Thee, and may they lick (the dust) from Thy feet!"⁷² However harsh and unsympathetic Moroni's character may appear to the modern reader, he is a true child of ancient Israel.

The parallels between the Nephite and Old World practices deserve comment. The case of Kawe is not beside the point here, for it has long been recognized by all scholars in the field that there are numerous and clear affinities between old Persian traditions and Jewish eschatological lore—and Kawe is at the heart of the religion of the Magi, his banner being the holiest symbol of their

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priesthood.⁷³ The identity of Kawe with Cyrus, the darling of the Jewish doctors, is enough in itself to justify referring to his story. The fact that we are dealing with false priesthoods does not obscure the significance of traditional institutions: (1) the garment as a banner, (2) the long sermonizing inscription on it, (3) the idealistic program of liberation proclaimed by the banner, (4) the ritual condemnation of all opponents to death as children of darkness. These are now known to be widespread concepts in the ancient world, but the discovery is recent.⁷⁴ What makes the Book of Mormon version particularly significant is the fact that Moroni himself draws the dramatic idea of the "title of liberty" directly from the Old World pool when he attributes the inspiration of the banner not to his own invention but to the teachings of the ancient Jacob, Lehi's son, who, as we have just noted, was steeped in Old World lore and tradition, and when he informs his followers that they are following in the footsteps of their ancestor Joseph in rending their garments even as his garment was rent. (See Alma 46:24.) It is clear that the whole episode of the flag of liberty was consciously carried out in the spirit of the ancients, and that story, which might have been taken as pure fantasy up until about five years ago, is now substantiated by the discovery of the "Rule of Battle" Scroll.

The position of First Nephi on things Egyptian receives confirmation from day to day. In 1949 Couroyer published a study in which he pointed out many notable parallels and a few points of contrast between Egyptian and Israelitish literature insofar as they deal with the subject of the Way of Life, a theme of great prominence in both literatures and a common bond between them.⁷⁵ Lehi, it will be recalled, was obsessed, dreaming and waking, by the concept of life as a way and a journey. Recently A. Mallon has declared that there is evidence for close and continual contact between Egyptian and Hebrew culture not only in Hebrew and Egyptian names (the proper names in the Book of Mormon are split about half and half) but also in the peculiar role that dreams played among both peoples.⁷⁶ The long duration and remarkable constancy of relationships

(Continued on following page)



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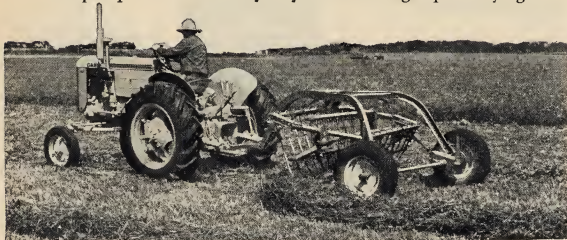


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New Approaches to Book of Mormon Study

(Continued from preceding page)

between Egypt and the Hebrews becomes plainer every day. Very recently Rowton has shown how the Exodus followed upon a period of Semitic domination in Egypt, and argued that what prevented the occupation of Palestine by the Children of Israel was an Egyptian occupation of that country.⁷⁷ So we find the people of these two cultures constantly trespassing on each other's lands.⁷⁷ In his latest work, V. Gordon Childe describes the nature of the normal bond between Egypt and Palestine: "Native Gblite clerks were apparently trained in Egyptian hieroglyphic writing. In exchange for the cedars of Lebanon and perhaps olives and dyes, the Gblites received and adopted elements of Egyptian civilization, including writing and all that that implied, as well as manufactured articles and corn. They remained a friendly but independent civilized community."⁷⁸ Long and intimate ties of commercial and cultural rather than political and military nature are what is indicated by recent excavations, and that is precisely the background of Lehi's world as the Book of Mormon describes it.

(To be continued)

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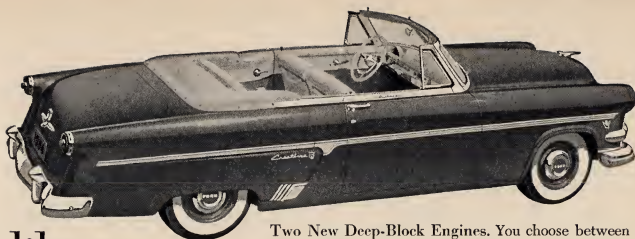
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New Approaches to Book of Mormon Study

(Continued from page 250)

⁸⁹R. A. Nicholson, *A Literary History of the Arabs* (N. Y.: Scribners, 1907), p. 74.

⁹⁰G. A. Deissmann, *Light from the Ancient East* (N. Y.: G. H. Doran Co., 1927), pp. 369-373. The idea is not of Hellenistic origin, for it is familiar in Egyptian literature where Pharaoh brings joy to the lands through which he takes his royal tours, letting his countenance shine (*wbn*) on each in turn, just as his father Re makes the rounds (*shenen*) of the universe with his inspecting eye that gives both dread and joy to all beholders. The concept is even more conspicuous in Asia, where "the monarch moves like the beneficent sun in a tireless round among his people." The theme is treated by Nibley, in *Western Political Quarterly* IV (1951), 241f.

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Melchizedek Priesthood Softball

(Concluded from page 218)

the senior Aaronic Priesthood members and the non-members have shared the benefits of this captivating program. Many have joined the Church as a result of their initial activity as members of ward softball teams. Here, it is certain, is an excellent rehabilitating force which will bless and benefit the lives of all male members of the ward. In the interest of projecting this force into the lives of all who need and will benefit from it, stake presidencies and ward bishoprics are charged by the general priesthood committee with direct responsibility for the success of the program.

From Where We Are

Richard L. Evans

SCARCELY does it seem possible, but a twelfth part of the year has already past. More suddenly and sooner than we suppose, it will be spring. More suddenly and sooner than we suppose, it will be summer. And soon again the summer will have passed, and soon again we shall be looking at the closing of the calendar, and, soon again we shall be asking ourselves: Where has it gone, and what have we done with it? And with a twelfth part of the year past, it is not too soon to ask ourselves how we have done with our determination to be better than we have been, to do better than we have done. We are all imperfect. We all have problems. We all wish some things were different. In this life it isn't often (if at all) that anyone finds what could be called a flawlessly ideal situation. But if something hasn't changed that should have changed, if something hasn't happened that should have happened in the month of irreplaceable time through which we have so swiftly moved, it may be because we have somehow supposed that the new face of the calendar would do something of itself without our doing something of ourselves. Time does much in its mellowing influence, in its blessed healing process, in its leavening and leveling—but for us time doesn't do much but deteriorate unless we do some things for ourselves, unless earnestly we endeavor to improve our past performance. Perfecting is a process—and neither character nor conditions are altogether made over all at once. The Lord God has given us the truths, the plans, the purposes, with life and intelligence and the material things of earth to work with (with people and with problems and saving principles). And by beginning here, we can go on from where we are, and begin to come closer to where we would wish to be—always remembering that the only place we can start from is where we are—and there is no time sooner than now. Blessedly, in the swiftly moving scenes of the swiftly moving months there is nowhere we cannot begin to go from here—if we will—with repentance and work and the faith to begin to bring things about.

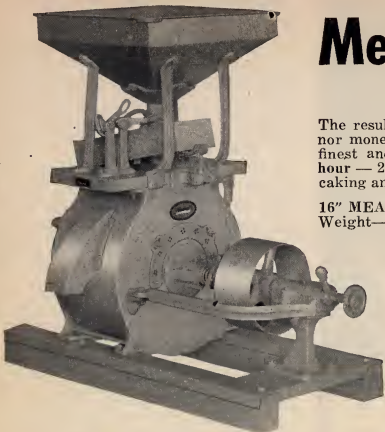
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PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, JANUARY 31, 1954

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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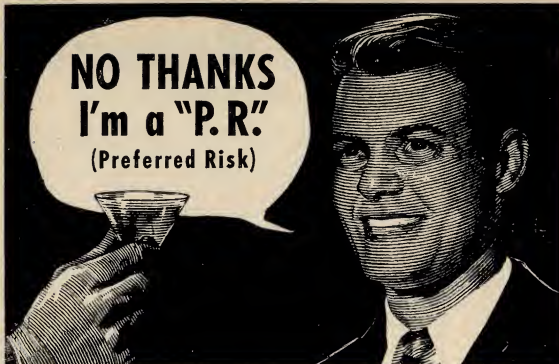
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Handearts Westward

(Continued from page 235)

"Emma Lou, wake up. Come, child, your mother is ill." And up the ladder leading to the attic bedroom, he called, "Allan, go for Sister Ware."

"It's always Emma Lou in emergencies," Polly said while trembling with fright. "She's stubborn, but a tower of strength in time of need."

Allan went out into the night, and soon the sound of horse and buggy was heard threshing through the crusted snow. Emma Lou was soon feeding her patient camomile tea.

Serena Ware, the midwife, brought a peaceful influence into the home with her. Though conditions were hazardous for the bearing of children, fears were allayed, for they always repeated the words of Brigham Young, referring to the subject:

"Sisters, love your duties. What are your duties? To bear children in the name of the Lord, children full of faith in the power of God, that you may be mothers of kings, potentates, and princes"

The family had eaten breakfast, and the remaining food had become cold before Emma Lou came in and announced joyfully:

"It's all over, and we have a fine little baby boy. Ma and Pa are naming him Joseph."

New babies were always an event. Before long, visitors came to inspect the precious bundle.

"A beautiful boy."

"No finer name than Joseph," were among the exclamations heard.

"It's cold as Alaska ever was," Phineas said, as he came in one night from meeting.

"Pa, your nose is white," Jerry danced in merriment.

"Run out for some snow," Emma Lou ordered and was soon solicitously thawing out her father's nose.

"Polly, there is an extra quilted petticoat in the trunk. Get it out for Pamela."

By Christmas Eve the Saunders' home was decorated in brightly colored streamers and chains. Logs were piled higher on the fire; and they opened odd shaped parcels; little pincushions, trimmed with shells and mirror, hemstitched handkerchiefs, shirts for Allan and Phineas.

With the advent of New Year's Day 1856, the small buildings were practically hidden by snow.

(Continued on page 256)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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HANDCARTS WESTWARD

(Continued from page 254)

Stage travel had been abandoned, and sleighs ceased to follow roads but went over fences and across the country. Bobsleighting was the order of the day for the young people. Nestled in oat straw with warmed soapstones at their feet, David and Pamela joined in the singing which echoed merrily across the snowy fields.

One day Phineas was reading in the Iowa *Banner*, "Corn and oats going at 10c and 12c a bushel. Tavern keepers will only give 5c a bushel for potatoes though the farmers are asking 10c. Sweet butter with a lily pat on top is 8c a pound."

Jerry squinted his eyes in a quizzical manner as he inquired, "What makes prices so low, Pa?"

"Well, son, it has successively been blamed on transportation, anti-slavery talk, politics, and human sins."

THE year of 1856 was for many years to come called the time of "earth's terrors." Ague, malarial, and bilious fevers came with the melting snows and spring rains. Damp bough smudges were used when the flies and mosquitoes made life unendurable, until one wondered which was worse, the mosquitoes or smudges. Nearly all in the Camp of Iowa came down with chills and fever. Sometimes the chills were so intense that the bed on which they were lying rattled.

When Phineas, the last of the Saunders came down with it, Allan stayed home and waited on the family. He felt the chills coming on but kept working all day. At night he took a bath in the wooden tub beside the salamander cookstove. "I just sweated it out of my system," he said.

THE flood of 1856 was another distinguishing feature. Pamela had declared to David, "I'll marry you, David as soon as I hear from the folks." So with excitement and anxiety these two looked for the cessation of flood conditions and for the time when the first mailbags should come through.

There was jubilation when they arrived. The letter which came from Mother Brownlee changed the lives and whole outlook of the girl and boy from Darby Vale. It ran, "When you read this, your father and I will have been baptized. We give equal credit to your letters and the mis-

sionaries who were so kind when Pa fell on the ice and broke his ribs. (It was the first word that they had had of this accident) . . . We are sailing with the Garsons on the *Thorn-ton*. We can't wait to meet David."

"If only they can get here early in May," Pamela ejaculated after the joy of the new turn of events had sunk into their minds. "I can't go

and leave them, and I can't marry David and stay behind."

At almost the identical moment, a letter had reached Elder Franklin D. Richards from President Brigham Young. It gave the following instructions: "Let all Saints who can gather up for Zion, come while the way is open for them; let the poor ones come also, whether or not they receive aid

"Sitting This One Out..."

Richard L. Evans

WE SOMETIMES hear something said about "sitting this one out." It is all right to sit out some things, but it is tragic to sit out life and let it pass as if we were not a part of the picture. Sometimes too much of what we do—or think we do—is in the nature of simply sitting and seeing someone else do something. It is good to watch, to listen, to appreciate as others perform, but it is also essential to perform somewhat for ourselves. It is one of the irrevocable laws and rules of life that we improve our power to do only by putting in the effort—only by practicing and performing. Parents may be willing to do almost anything for their children. But there are some things that even parents cannot do for their children, no matter how much they may wish to. They can expose them to beneficial influences; they can set before them a proper example; they can send them to school; they can provide the encouragement, the atmosphere and the opportunities, but parents cannot learn their children's lessons for them, and they cannot acquire the skills for them. They can provide them, for example, the opportunity to take music lessons, but they cannot give them the art of playing or performing. That comes with a price, with practice, with some pain—with participation. No doubt the Lord God could relieve us of the effort of life, as he could send manna from heaven. But if we didn't do some things for ourselves, we should never reach our highest possibilities. In a very real and ultimate sense, no one else can make of us what we will not pay the price of becoming. There are some things no one can make of us without our willingness, without our work. And as to "sitting this one out," let it be said to young people especially: Sooner or later in life there comes a time when it is performance that counts—not promises, not possibilities, not potentialities—but performance. Sooner or later there comes a time when sitting and watching are not enough—when doing something for ourselves and doing something for others is essential. It is good to sit and listen; it is good to sit and watch; it is good to sit and learn. But the law of improvement is the law of practice, of participation, of performance. To close with scriptural language: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."¹

¹James 1:22.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 7, 1954

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from the Perpetual Emigration Fund. When they reach Iowa City, let them come on foot with handcarts to draw their provisions and clothing, thereby saving the immense expense every year for teams and outfits to cross the plains. Let them gird up their loins and walk through, and nothing shall hinder or stay them."

With the first bursting of the buds of spring came the realization that they could be on their way westward. From then on, most of the vessels sailing from English shores carried converts to the Mormon faith. On the fourth of May the clipper *Thorn-ton* embarked from Liverpool. Among the passengers listed were Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee and the Garson family.

Back in Iowa City with the tulips blooming and the lilacs sending out their rare perfume, the Edmund Ellsworth company was getting ready for the start, vanguard of the handcart companies which were to take their memorable trek through the trackless wastes to the west.

ONE morning just after dawn, Pamela was awakened to hear shouting outside in the road. Throwing off the covers, she fumbled with buttons and hooks, shoved her feet into the shoes by the bedside and threw a shawl over her shoulders. There was David riding near the rear of his father's wagon. Never had he looked so fine and handsome, riding in perfect rhythm with the prancing chestnut bay on which he was mounted. As quickly as he spied her, he was on the ground and had her in his arms.

"I'll build you a home in Zion, sweetheart," he whispered.

"I'll come as soon as father and mother arrive. They are on their way by now."

"It won't be for long, Pamela darling," he tried to reassure her though his own heart was heavy.

Like an automaton she answered, "No, it won't be for long." But her eyes were following the line of vehicles as they passed by. There were happy young couples apparently thrilled at the thought of making the trip their honeymoon. She waved David out of sight, then stood for a long time looking at the spot where last she saw him.

She thought of the Prophet Joseph and how his heart must swell with joy there in the heavenly home, to

(Continued on following page)

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Handcarts Westward

(Continued from preceding page)

see the Saints journeying to their gathering place in the Rocky Mountains as he had seen in vision, and of the prospects of another temple being built which would be permanent. She always felt close to the martyred Prophet. David had told her personal stories of the family. He and young Frederick Smith had been companions throughout all the troublous times. Pulling herself together, she made her way back to the house, deciding that the future lay golden—golden tinted with rose!

THE Iowa camp became a beehive, humming with industry from morning until night. No one had time to think of personal troubles. Like the rest, Pamela spent little time in repining. Her disappointment was allayed, too, by the anticipation of the reunion with her beloved parents.

Daniel McArthur's company had to be outfitted by the deadline so that emigrants who at that moment were approaching American shores could be taken care of. Men from the valley were receiving "calls" to come and assist. Chauncey G. Webb was given the superintending of handcart building. William Kimball and George D. Grant arrived in town one day, having been sent by the Authorities in Salt Lake City to buy up horses, cattle, and oxen for the prospective travelers. President Young sent Elders Erastus Snow and Daniel Spencer to look after the spiritual side of the Church members.

SERENA WARE, the gracious woman who helped bring the babies, expected to leave Iowa City with her son Elliot and daughter Nancy in the Daniel McArthur company which would go most any day, now that the Ellsworth company were well on their way. She had ably supervised the sewing of tents and handcart covers. A little party with refreshments was planned after the last work period of her stay. Pamela rode Daisy over to the meetinghouse carrying with her a pan of fresh, warm, currant buns, nicely browned. They tasted good with the red cabbage salad, creamed boiled eggs, wild Indian plum preserves, and sliced roast veal. Here she met Elliot's fiancé, the lovely brown-eyed, golden-haired Daphne Willoughby from Virginia. Pamela

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looked at the aristocratic girl sitting in her sprigged delaine over hoops and the little pancake hat tipped over to one side, smiling sociably and sewing right along with the rest. "What a leveling influence the gospel is," Pamela thought. She stayed to listen to the hastily prepared program and learned that Daphne was a convert, having met Elliot while attending school in Chicago.

There was little sadness at the thoughts of this parting, for in a matter of months, all would be reunited in Zion.

Then came the night of the farewell dance for the departing company. The Church leaders found it a trying time. The town was full of men going west—adventurers, trappers, and Oregon emigrants, with their buckskin suits fringed at the hems, brightly colored shirts, and debonair manner.

(To be continued)

Four Visits in Hopiland

(Continued from page 237)

ruin. Most of the families have left the mesa and have settled in a more modern village at the base of the cliffs. I have been told that there was a big struggle in the tribe when the village got too crowded. Most of them wanted to stay in the village on the mesa. Finally the two factions agreed that whoever won a big tug-of-war would stay. The losers were to go elsewhere to settle. A line was cut in the solid stone, and the men of the factions lined up on opposite sides. Most of the losers built a village at the base of the mesa called New Oraibi. Others, not wanting to leave the high mesa founded Hotevila. The old Oraibi is largely in ruins, but a few families still live atop the mesa in the old homes and in the old way.

A small girl guided us on a tour of the ruins and the homes of these people. At one place we came to a house where smoke was coming from the small chimney protruding from the roof. A man came from the house, and we engaged him in conversation. The little girl told us that the women inside were making *piki*. "What is *piki*?" I asked. They laughed and said one has to see it, for it cannot quite be described. *Piki* is an Indian food made usually from blue corn, they told me. It is the original

(Continued on following page)



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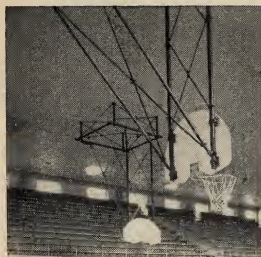


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FOUR VISITS IN HOPILAND

(Continued from preceding page)

corn flakes invented hundreds of years before the modern corn-flake factories were even conceived. The Indian man assured us we would be welcome to walk inside, and so we entered, carefully stepping over the foot-high threshold and equally carefully ducking our heads under the low lintel. The opening in the door was about

five feet high and two and one-half feet wide. The walls of the building were about fifteen inches thick.

Inside we found ourselves in a room about fifteen feet square. Its dim interior was lighted faintly by a small window in the upper wall. This window did its valiant best to let in light, but the brown walls effectively absorbed most of it, leaving a pleasant

A Legacy of Experience

Richard L. Evans

THERE sometimes seems to be a disposition to assume that the lessons which another generation has learned somehow don't apply to the present. And seemingly on this assumption, young people are often impatient with the counsel and cautionings of parents. But this they should know: that it can be more foolish to spurn a rich legacy of experience than to spurn a rich legacy of goods or of gold. There are two ways by which the lessons of life are learned: by our own experience and by the experience of others. When we read, we are drawing upon the experience of others. When we go to school, we are taught the experience of others. We learn of the laws or theories they have discovered, of the conclusions they have come to. The experience of others is a great heritage, and the more we learn from it the less of life we waste. If every researcher insisted on going back to the beginning to perform all the experiments that all his predecessors had performed, life would largely be wasted in proving what had already been proved. If every explorer were to ignore all previous exploration, life would largely be wasted in finding what had already been found. If travelers were to ignore the road signs and danger signals, life could largely be wasted in repeating mistakes that other men have made. We have a great heritage of revealed and discovered truth. But we lose a lot of life when we ignore what has repeatedly been proved and insist on going back to the beginning again and again. And as to you who are young and sometimes impatient with the counsel and precautions of parents, this you should know: In their love for you, they are only trying to pass on to you a legacy of experience, even as they would pass on precious heirlooms or a legacy of money or of things material. They are only trying to pass on the knowledge of some timeless principles that do not change simply because the times have changed. The more we can learn from the past, the less we shall have to pay for the costly and painful process of trial and error. And deliberately throwing away experience from reliable sources is fully as foolish, if not more foolish, than deliberately throwing away tangibles.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 14, 1954

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softness of light glowing through the room.

Seated in one corner of the room were two Hopi women, drably dressed, and giving attention to the task before them. They sat facing a large flat stone approximately two feet by three feet. This stone rested on four supports, also of stone, with a fire blazing underneath. The stone was about three inches thick and highly polished on the upper surface. Its blackness indicated that possibly it had a basaltic origin, although in the gloom one could not detect the exact type of rock, but that it was hot and smooth, there was no doubt.

The woman facing the fire nursed the fire and took care of it. The second woman held in her lap a bowl containing what looked to be blue gruel. This was a very thin paste made of blue corn with other ingredients added. The second woman would take a palm full of the gruel and quickly spread it on the hot stone. The gruel being very thin would spread over a good portion of the stone forming a very thin layer a

MYSELF

By Mae M. McAllister

I THOUGHT myself clever and good and kind—

Many had said this of me;
I thought I was doing the best I could
To make this world better, a fine place to be.

I patted myself on the back and said,
"You're doing your share, Old Pal!"—
But I sat myself down, my head in my hands,

And had a good long cry,
After standing aside for a measured spell
And watching myself go by.

foot wide and perhaps two feet long. In a moment it was cooked through, thinner than a newspaper. Dexterously the woman rolled it up in a roll, much as one would roll a newspaper, and laid it aside, adding another palm full of the liquid to the stove. She had by her side on a clay dish a stack of these rolled-up corn cakes. I asked her if she would sell me one, but she smiled and shook her head and gave me one. I tasted it. It was most delicious, a combination of toasted corn flakes and steaming corn bread in flavor.

I stepped outside into the bright sunlight again and re-engaged the Hopi man in conversation. I asked

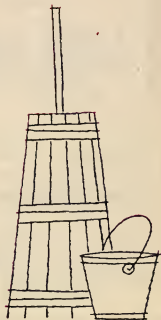
(Continued on following page)

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FOUR VISITS IN HOPILAND

(Continued from preceding page)

him the purpose of the stack of *piki* rolls, and he said that on that evening they intended to have a party among their people and that the *piki* would form one of the items on the menu. *Piki*, he said, is the bread which the Hopis have used for hundreds of years. Certainly I have never tasted anything better.

Jacob Hamblin, the befriender of the Indians, mentions in his diary eating *piki* with the Hopis when he was visiting them in the 1870's. The art is still alive, and many of the Hopi women still engage in making *piki*. This little incident fully con-

firmed something I have known for a long time; namely, that it does not require an electric stove and special cooking gadgets to turn out delicious food. The fires of the most primitive people have long since been used to cook food so delicious in taste that it is highly prized today by gourmets. *Piki* is no exception to this. I smiled as I thought of the smugness of the modern inventors who place corn flakes in boxes and sell the delicious flakes for breakfast food. Hopis with a knowing smile have done a better job for hundreds of years, using a hot polished stone for a stove.

(To be concluded)

CHOOSING A VOCATION

(Concluded from page 231)

But when used properly and by competent people, they can add significantly to one's understanding of himself.

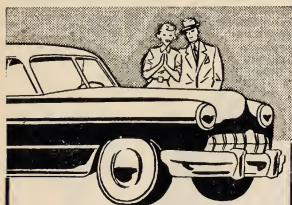
The next step in vocational planning (and it is not intended that these steps should be undertaken in sequence or independently of each other) is to learn enough about the world of work to make an intelligent selection of at least a broad field of work, if not a specific occupation. This can be done most effectively through observation and reading and through discussions with people in various occupations. Most schools have a file of occupational information in the library or counselor's office, including a copy of the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles* and the *Occupational Outlook Handbook*. These and many other publications are helpful to students in obtaining a "bird's-eye view" of the world of work and a thorough understanding of specific occupations. When observing people at work in various jobs, one should be cautious not to overlook the fact that many aspects of most jobs are usually not apparent to an observer. Their observation, therefore, should be supplemented by discussions with workmen and by reading about the occupation from the published information available. Other sources available in many schools are movies and film strips. Here again, caution must be used to avoid the problem of bias and of incomplete information.

The final step of relating this knowledge about himself and about

the world of work should be done with the help of a trained counselor, if possible. This step should lead to the tentative selection of at least a broad field of work, if not a specific occupation, that is in keeping with a person's aptitudes, interests, and limitations, and to detailed plans for reaching the objective chosen. The plan should be flexible enough to allow for alterations that may be necessary as a result of changed conditions, additional information, etc. It should also provide a basis for weighing the requirements of the job against the opportunity to achieve the desired values in life. It should then serve as a guide for that person's efforts and activities, but not as a master; for vocational planning should be recognized as a continuous process, not an event in a person's life.

In conclusion, the reader is reminded that in making any such far-reaching and important decisions as the selection of a life's work, he is entitled to divine guidance, for "He that asketh shall receive." But let him not lose sight of the fact that, "Faith without works is dead," and in order to find the solution to his problems in this or any other area, he must first seek it. He is also reminded that we are instructed of the Lord that we should "cease to be idle, for the idler shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." Regardless of his choice of a vocation, he will be required to work diligently and untiringly for the vocational success of which he dreams.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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The Living, First

(Concluded from page 243)

are the heir to your line and the only one who can prepare their records. If baptism into the Church of the Master was essential to your happiness, what about your departed loved ones?" she was asked. Her eyes opened and then with a sudden awareness, yet a tone of bitterness, she continued: "Why haven't I been taught this principle of the gospel or been made aware of my responsibility? Of course I want my family in the Church," she continued, "but I am at a complete loss to know where to start."

At the close of the discussion this sister decided to add works to her faith. A few months later a card was received from the Mesa Temple bearing this message: "That finger pointed in my face haunted me until I got busy. Today I have been to the temple for my own endowment and for my loved ones. I am so happy. Thanks a million." Then still a few months later came a note from the Salt Lake Temple and then Logan and later from Idaho Falls and then St. George. In each letter she would refer to that eventful night in Carlsbad as "that pointed finger that haunted me." The last word from this sister brought the glad news that the temple work for 165 of her dead family and relatives had been done in the last year and that three hundred names are now being processed by the Index Bureau.

Genealogical research is only dead when the living do nothing about it and when the research is not used to bring new life and the hope of exaltation to those who have passed on.

The living first must not only be recorded, but they also must understand.

THESE THINGS I LOVE

By Ruby Zagoren

THESE things I love because they give me peace:
Above the roof, a branch looms crooked in skies—
I trace this rugged chalice with my eyes
And feel my heart fly forth in sweet release.
And higher yet is warmth of cloudy fleece
That I may reach if I but stand and rise.
For this my very being unites and tries
While all the inner, petty battles cease.
To reach for goals beyond my reach, beyond

The seen and tangible, beyond the blue;
To reach for everlastingness, the true
And constant: this is life, and I respond.
When clothed in unity of purpose, shod
With peace, I find the answer: I find God.

APRIL 1954

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SPRING IS A MELODY

(Continued from page 242)

turned, and he held out his arms. They danced.

"Carol. Carol." This was the something more Loie had mentioned and like the melody of spring went singing through his veins with a happy promise.

Then the orchestra stopped and Larry walked toward them.

"This next is our dance, Carol, remember?"

Carol hesitated, but not Larry. He grasped her arm and started away. Dan stared at them. Now, why had he let that happen; because, as Carol had reminded him, it was part of his indecision. He elbowed his way through the door and strode angrily toward his car. That was what she had meant, never quite able to make up his mind.

Loie had followed him. She said nothing but clung to the seat as the light car careened wildly down the highway. Then with a shriek and a shudder the car stopped.

"Now what?"

Dan did not answer. He swung the jalopy about and headed back the way they had come. Loie smiled into the night. There was no indecision in his actions now. But Carol was gone, she and Larry and his big car.

"Never mind." Loie sounded more encouraging than she felt. "You can see her tomorrow."

"Tomorrow nothing." He drove to the Butler home. If Carol had come, which wasn't likely, she was in bed, for the house was in darkness. For a while Dan sat hunched over the wheel, waiting. Then sick and disgusted he drove home.

"The world hasn't come to an end," Loie reminded him, "there is always tomorrow."

But his tomorrow didn't materialize. At four-thirty a.m. he had a phone call.

"This is Grant Stibor of the extension service. An opening has developed so you can go on that field trip. How soon can you be ready?"

Dan's head whirled. He had put in an application with the college extension service several months previous. It meant a great deal to him.

"I'm sorry to give you such short notice," Mr. Stibor misunderstood his silence, "but I didn't know until late

last night, and then I couldn't reach you."

"I'll be ready very soon." He couldn't call Carol, and he couldn't write. What he had to say could not be said over the telephone or on paper. It would have to wait.

He was gone several weeks. The first thing he did when entering home

again was to make a telephone call.

"She isn't here," Mrs. Butler answered when he asked for Carol. "She left just this morning to spend a week with Julia." Julia was a married sister.

Dan's mind was in a turmoil. He tried to concentrate on the crops. Not so good—but running true to form.

If Washington Were Here...

Richard L. Evans

ON THE surface it might seem that we today have few of the problems of Valley Forge, and that they had few, if any, of ours. But the principles and the problems that pertain to people basically are quite constant. And if Washington were here, we can only conclude that he would not retreat from any principle which he turned to in facing the troubles of his own time. If Washington were here, no doubt he would still say (as he did in his own day): "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."¹ No doubt he would still say: "... cherish public credit ... avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars have occasioned."¹ If Washington were here, no doubt, he would still say: The "Constitution ... till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all." ... "It is important ... that ... those entrusted with ... administration ... confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres ... " for "usurpation ... is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed."¹ If Washington were here, he would still speak out against irreverence and profanity and would still seek divine help in prayerful humility and would still commit his own life and his country's future to faith in free men. Admittedly the land he led through some of its early anguish was not then and is not now a place of perfection. Admittedly the land he led still has its problems. (As have all other lands.) But its problems, significantly, are partly the problems of plenty, and with its problems, blessedly there is also unsurpassed opportunity. And should we ever become unconstructively critical, or overly discouraged by some of the problems and some of the setbacks, it would be well to ask ourselves if anyone honestly would want to turn back to the philosophies our fathers fled from, or if anyone honestly would want to turn toward those other philosophies which millions of men today would risk their very lives to leave? If Washington were here, we believe he would say: Avoid the paths that lead to that which other men fervently wish they were free from. Avoid the principle of compulsion. Keep faith in freedom.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 21, 1954

Copyright, 1954

¹George Washington, Farewell Address.

Because of a lack of water the grain across the canal had "burnt up" but those stubborn clumps of alfalfa—hey! He walked through the potato patch, across the highline ditch, and onto the dry field. His pulse quickened. The purple blossoms of the alfalfa had turned to magic and hung heavy. He broke a stem and examined the seed in his palm. The more he examined the more his excitement grew. He went here and there breaking and testing. The seed was good, and there was a lot of it, a mighty lot of it.

Those stubborn old roots that had refused to be plowed under had lived where grain and weeds had died. If nothing happened, and it wasn't going to, Dad would have a seed crop that would bring him more than all the crops he could have raised on the Baker forty. Dan started home, but on the bridge he stopped and looked back.

Call it chance, if he wanted, but suddenly he didn't want; Dad would call it faith. Dad had done what he thought was right and had trusted for the outcome. Dan felt very small and very humble. It wasn't a matter of this crop merely, but now as always Dad had chosen the right. This time the right happened to be the expedient, but if it hadn't, Dad would still have been right because his roots went deep into standards Mother had always known and approved. Her attitude was the thing they called faith. It was the "something more" Loie had tried to explain. It was the promise in the melody of spring that carried one over hot summers and sometimes fruitless falls. It softened the rigors of winter.

Instead of going into the house Dan went directly to the garage. Some other car might have taken Carol to Julia's, but his jalopy was bringing her home—today!

BRIEF VISION

By Vesta Nickerson Lukei

HERE in this rain-washed valley lie
In still clear pools both clouds and sky,
And for a moment in one place
The earth and heaven interlace.

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Melchizedek Priesthood

Melchizedek Priesthood Presidencies Meeting

WEEKLY PRESIDENCY MEETING

ON PAGE twenty-one of the *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook* the following definite instruction is given to the presidents of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums throughout the Church: "A weekly meeting of the quorum presidency should be held." The General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ are thoroughly convinced that the holding of this meeting is so vital to the success of quorum presidencies and priesthood work in general that they put the foregoing statement in the handbook in boldface type in order that it may not be overlooked by any priesthood presidency. It is to be observed that on page thirty-two the following statement appears: "Council meetings should be held just as often as circumstances warrant, but at least weekly."

It is recommended that all Melchizedek Priesthood presidents re-read the general instructions regarding the "Quorum Presidency Meeting" as found on pages thirty-two and thirty-three of the handbook and follow those instructions, as well as following the recommendations given in this article. Holding weekly presidencies' meetings is the policy of the Church, and so the General Authorities urge all presidencies of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums to comply dutifully with this established procedure. It is suggested that either Sunday afternoon or a certain evening each week be set aside for the holding of these council meetings. The time selected should not interfere with other Church meetings.

GENERAL CHURCH POLICY

Not only should all Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidencies hold weekly council or presidency meetings, but bishoprics and stake presidencies should also hold council meetings once each week. In fact, experience has proved that weekly council meetings are necessary for the proper and most efficient conducting

of the various organized groups in the Church.

PATTERN SET BY GENERAL AUTHORITIES

Recognizing this fact, the General Authorities have set the pattern by holding their council meetings once each week, or more often; for example, the First Presidency meet at least once each week in a presidency meeting; the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles meet every Thursday in the Salt Lake Temple in their weekly council meeting; the First Council of the Seventy also meet each Thursday in the same holy edifice; the General Authorities of the Church report their conference and mission assignments each Wednesday afternoon; and the Presiding Bishopric meet at least once each week and probably many more times. Thus, it is advisable that the presidencies of the various organized groups throughout the Church hold their council meetings at least once each week if the work of the Lord is to go forth in the most effective way.

WEEKLY COUNCIL MEETINGS AND EFFICIENCY

It is believed that the members of the presidencies of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums who have a strong determination to do the best work of which they are capable do meet at least once each week in council meetings. Those presidencies who are somewhat lax in their efforts to attain maximum efficiency hold their council meetings once every two weeks; and presidents who are contented with no more than two-thirds effective results hold their council meetings once every three weeks; and those presidencies who desire merely to get by in their priesthood appointment hold their council meetings monthly.

It is possible that those presidencies who do not meet at least once each month know so little about the conditions of their quorum and the needs and problems of all the quorum members that they are doomed to certain

failure. Those presidencies have little or no concept regarding the program of the Melchizedek Priesthood and how the quorum members should be guided. Certainly, they could not direct the members of their quorums in carrying forward the full program of the Church; and they themselves probably could not be very thoroughly informed regarding the responsibility, calling, and program of the Melchizedek Priesthood. For these reasons and others not mentioned, the presidencies of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums are urged to hold their weekly council meetings.

BUSINESS CONDUCTED AT MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD PRESIDENCY WEEKLY COUNCIL MEETING

The vital question has been asked often by Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidencies: "What should we do in the weekly council meetings and what should be our procedure?" In answer to that question, the following is suggested:

(1) Teachers for the Melchizedek Priesthood quorum and groups are selected at the weekly presidency council meeting; and the presidencies have the responsibility of supervising these teachers and seeing that they present the prescribed priesthood course of study efficiently.

(2) Preparations for the quorum monthly business meeting are made at the weekly presidency council meetings. (*Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, page 36.)

(3) Quorum presidencies set up quorum standing committees at the weekly presidency council meetings and supervise the work of these committees. (*Ibid.*, pages 27, 32.)

(4) Reports of the activities of the standing committees and assignments to these committees are made at the weekly presidency council meeting. For the purpose of carrying forward this part of the work successfully, the quorum presidencies should be armed with rolls, records, graphs, charts, statistics, etc.

(5) Quorum presidencies regulate group organizations at these meetings. (*Ibid.*, pages 31-33.)

(6) Quorum presidencies are to devise means and ways to get every member in their respective quorums active in Church work and living all of God's commandments. The presidents should become familiar with the matters recorded in the confidential report on tithing, Sabbath day observance, family prayer, Word of Wisdom, and other matters relative to each quorum member. In these council meetings, quorum presidents should use this information to good advantage in planning for the welfare of every member of their respective quorum.

(7) The economic welfare of quorum members should also be a matter for consideration at the presidency council meetings.

(8) Supervision and direction to quorum and group secretaries should be given at these council meetings.

(9) The social program of the quorum is to be planned at the council meetings.

(10) Quorum projects are formulated at the council meetings, etc.

(11) The minutes of the previous meeting are read and approved.

(12) Unfinished business is pursued.

To summarize: this meeting is the preparatory meeting which makes priesthood quorums function effectively for the benefit of every quorum member.

SUGGESTED PROCEDURE

There are a few days more than four weeks in all the months but February, which actually amounts to thirteen weeks in three months, making it possible for Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidencies to hold thirteen weekly council meetings each quarter. How could the four weekly council meetings and the extra council meeting each quarter be used to profit by Melchizedek Priesthood quorum presidencies?

(1) *Making preparations for monthly quorum meeting*

It is suggested that one of the weekly presidency council meetings each month be devoted to making preparations for the monthly quorum meeting.

(2) *Solving problems of quorum members*

Another of these weekly presidency

meetings could be devoted with profit to quorum problems and to problems of quorum members. Intelligent and prayerful efforts should be exerted to devise ways and means to help each quorum member to grow spiritually and to attain economic independence. At this presidency meeting, plans could be devised to bring into activity all of the inactive members. Devices could be contrived to make the strong Melchizedek Priesthood members stronger and those who have weaknesses to overcome those weaknesses. Thus, all members of the Melchizedek Priesthood would be encouraged to keep all of the commandments which God has revealed for the perfecting of the Saints; and so as quorum members they grow in brotherhood, spirituality, and Godliness. When this is fully accomplished, quorum presidencies have completed a successful work, as God expects them to do.

(3) a. *Presidency council meeting*
b. *Meeting with standing committees*

The third weekly presidency council meeting could be divided into two sessions—the first, a presidency council meeting, and the second, a meeting of the presidents with their standing committees. Under this arrangement, it is suggested that the presidents of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums meet for approximately one hour in a preliminary presidency meeting for the purpose of working out assignments for the standing committees. Then the presidency could be joined in their meeting by the members of the Melchizedek Priesthood standing committees. Where quorums are divided into groups residing in two or more wards, each individual in these groups assigned on the standing committees should be present at these presidency council meetings. The *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, page 27, states:

“Sufficient quorum members should be appointed to these committees to enable them to operate efficiently. Where quorums are composed of more than one group, each group should have one or more representatives on each committee. Group leaders should also be members of the personal welfare committee. These are quorum, not group, committees.”

At these meetings the members of the quorum presidency could receive the reports of the work accomplished by each member of the standing committee under their jurisdiction. They

also could give the committee assignments to be performed during the following month.

(4) a. *Presidency council meeting*
b. *Meeting with group leaders and Melchizedek Priesthood teachers*

A fourth weekly presidency council meeting could profitably follow a pattern similar to the one just explained. The Melchizedek Priesthood presidents could meet for approximately one hour in a preliminary presidency meeting for the purpose of studying problems relative to group leaders and also to group teachers and class instructions. Then the presidency could be joined in their meeting by all of the group leaders and the teachers of the various classes. Thus, the presidency could direct what is going on in the various groups and give them vital instructions.

(5) *Quarterly presidency council meeting:*

a. *Presidency council meeting*
b. *Meeting with quorum and group secretaries*

Since there are thirteen weeks each quarter, as previously mentioned, the president of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums are provided with an extra week every three months which could be used to good advantage in holding a meeting with their quorum and group secretaries. On this occasion, it would be advisable for the presidents to meet in a preliminary meeting of approximately one hour's length to take care of any quorum problems and arrange business for the meetings which should follow with the quorum and group secretaries. At the close of the presidency preliminary council meeting, the quorum secretary and all group secretaries could join the presidency and receive profitable direction, instructions, and help in their assigned work. This would afford opportunity for the quorum presidency to analyze the reports and records made by secretaries and also give them the opportunity once each quarter to give instructions relative to secretaries' duties.

If the foregoing policy were put into effect and carefully carried out, quorum records could be kept up-to-date, quorum presidencies would become familiar with the work of the quorum and group secretaries, and all secretaries would become efficient in conducting their assigned duties.

(Concluded on page 275)



The Presiding

Celebrating the Anniversary of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood

Special attention should be given to the recommendation that both groups, Aaronic Priesthood under 21 and senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood, and their respective leaders, be accorded equal consideration in our celebration plans.

SATURDAY and Sunday, May 15 and 16, 1954, have been set apart by the First Presidency for Church-wide observance of the anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

One hundred and twenty-five years have passed since Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood by the resurrected John the Baptist. The restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was one of the greatest events to take place in the nineteenth century. Aaronic Priesthood leaders on both stake and ward levels are responsible for keeping the memory of this great event ever fresh in the minds of the Saints: Our annual celebration is our best opportunity to discharge this particular responsibility.

Saturday, May 15, should be devoted to outdoor activities under close supervision. Travel in caravan style is discouraged because of the great hazard involved in trying to retain a given position in a long line of cars.

Where a pilgrimage to some point of interest is decided upon for Saturday activities, the plans should include returning home that evening. Returning home on Sunday, after camping out over Saturday night, is held to be in violation of the spirit of the Sabbath day and should not be permitted.

All ward sacrament meetings held on Sunday, May 16, are to be devoted to the presentation of the program here suggested in commemoration of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD UNDER 21 AND SENIOR MEMBERS TO PARTICIPATE

In the past, our Saturday activities have been largely limited to Aaronic Priesthood under 21. However, there is no reason why senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood should not be a vital part of this particular project. Senior members may very properly be appointed to work on special committees as needed.

There should be close cooperation and preliminary planning on the part of the stake committee for Aaronic Priesthood under 21 and the stake committee



STATUETTE PRESENTED IN COMMEMORATION
OF RESTORATION OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin is shown receiving from sculptor A. J. Knapp his statuette of John the Baptist conferring the Aaronic Priesthood on Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. The statuette will remain in the office of the Presiding Bishopric. May 15, 1954 will mark the 125th anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

for Senior Members for the Aaronic Priesthood. A joint council meeting of the two stake committees may be very helpful in determining upon plans to be presented to the bishoprics during the April stake priesthood leadership meeting if a combined stake function is there decided upon. Where advisable, both stake committees could meet, with their respective ward leaders, in a combined meeting during the leadership meeting to discuss and plan this project.

SEPARATE CELEBRATIONS APPROVED WHERE PREFERRED

In some areas it may be desired to have a celebration suited to young men 12 to 21 and another type of outing for senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood. While this is approved, for either the stake or ward, it is preferred that a combined outing be conducted with the activities carefully planned for the various age groups.

WARD CELEBRATION APPROVED WHERE PREFERRED

Where a bishopric and their Aaronic Priesthood leaders prefer to conduct

an outing of their own on Saturday, for all Aaronic Priesthood bearers, this is their privilege.

However, there may be some bishoprics who will not feel they should join in a stake outing, neither to conduct one of their own. In such instances, both stake committees are asked to work with such bishoprics in an effort to have some appropriate observance on Saturday, May 15, as well as Sunday, May 16, for the Aaronic Priesthood membership of the ward and their leaders.

SACRAMENT MEETING PROGRAM MAY 16, 1954

The following program should be followed in the sacrament meeting in each ward, May 16, 1954, as the concluding feature in our observance of the 125th anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

We have not outlined the music for this meeting. However, bishoprics should endeavor to have Aaronic Priesthood 12 to 21, and girls of corresponding ages, prepared to participate in choral singing. Senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood may also be organized into

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



YMMIA Statistics in Aaronic Priesthood Reports

It is the responsibility of the secretary of the ward committee for Aaronic Priesthood under 21, or his assistant, to obtain, from the secretary of YMMIA, the information called for in items 22, 23, 24, and 25 in our monthly report.

a singing group for this occasion where possible. Do not overlook appropriate vocal solos, duets, quartets as special numbers to be presented by those who bear the Aaronic Priesthood.

Most wards have several copies of the book, *Aaronic Priesthood Choruses*, from which appropriate vocal numbers may be selected.

A special effort should be made to keep non-religious musical numbers out of this program.

THEME

The theme for the sacrament meeting service is "Happiness Through Service in the Priesthood."

1. Opening song.
2. Invocation—President of deacons' quorum, under 21.
3. Sacramental song.

Administration of the sacrament by members of the Aaronic Priesthood, not overlooking the possibility of having senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood perform this service.

4. Vocal solo, duet, quartet, or choral number.

5. How Service in the Aaronic Priesthood Contributes to My Personal Happiness—President of teachers' quorum, under 21 (6 minutes).

6. How My Serving in the Aaronic Priesthood Contributes to the Happiness of Others—by a priest under 21 (6 minutes).

7. Reasons Why I Appreciate the Priesthood I Bear—senior member of Aaronic Priesthood (6 minutes).

8. Musical number in keeping with this priesthood program.

9. How Service in the Aaronic Priesthood Becomes My Steppingstone to Greater Blessings, Both Here and Hereafter—senior member of the Aaronic Priesthood (6 minutes).

10. Story of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood—by the secretary of either the committee for Aaronic Priesthood under 21 or the committee for senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood (10 minutes).

APRIL 1954

Where the troop to which LDS boys belong is not sponsored by the ward or branch in which they live, the answers to the above numbered questions will always be "0."

11. Vocal duet by members of the Aaronic Priesthood—"On Lovely Susquehanna's Banks" page 33, *Aaronic Priesthood Choruses*.

Note: When the singing is ended, the accompanist should continue to play the music of this duet very quietly as outlined in the next number on the program. When the reading is finished, the organist should continue the background music to the end of the number, or to an appropriate finish.

12. A Vocal Reading of Doctrine and Covenants, Section Thirteen.

Note: Great care should be exercised in selecting a good male reader who has the ability to give a moving interpretation of the significant words of John the Baptist as he conferred the Aaronic Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

When the duet, "On Lovely Susquehanna's Banks," is ended, the reader should give the singers plenty of time to resume their seats, plus a few seconds for silent meditation.

Award Record for 1953

Applications received during January and February for awards earned during 1953 point toward another all-time record. Awards approved and issued were as follows:

Stake Awards.....	4
Ward Awards	196
Individual Awards	8,558
100% Seals	934

There should be no let-up until every eligible bearer of the Aaronic Priesthood has received his award.

tion while the background music is being played. He should then take his position at the pulpit and proceed to read slowly, distinctly, and with deep feeling, Section Thirteen. When the reading is finished, the reader will remain standing in the pulpit until the organ music is ended.

13. My Obligations to the Aaronic Priesthood Bearers in this Ward as the President of the Aaronic Priesthood—the bishop.

14. Closing song.

15. Benediction—by a senior member of the Aaronic Priesthood.



REXBURG THIRD WARD, REXBURG (IDAHO) STAKE, SETS ACHIEVEMENT RECORD

Twenty-six happy bearers of the Aaronic Priesthood qualified for the Individual Aaronic Priesthood Award for 1953.

Included in the photograph with the award winners are members of the stake presidency, stake committee, bishopric, and quorum advisers.

Bishop Edward L. Powell, who has presided over this ward for fifteen years, proudly displays the second ward Aaronic Priesthood award which these young men and their leaders have made possible.

We pass along some facts which are a real tribute to Bishop Powell, his counselors, Peter J. Ricks, Jr. and William Heinz, and his Aaronic Priesthood leaders: During the last eleven years we promoted the Standard Quorum Award program (1941-1951); all four quorums of Aaronic Priesthood in this ward qualified for the award.

"BE SOMEBODY, ABE"

(Concluded from page 227)

of perception, she realized there was some mystery of life, some meaning that she had never understood. She had to understand it now, in this last moment of all. In the innermost recesses of her soul she delved, and probing, all fear of death suddenly left her. She became exquisitely aware that now, as always, life was not her possession, but her gift, to be used to help her fellow men.

All the knowledge in the world is of no worth unless something is done with it. Money in a vault does not

earn money unless it is put out to use. A poem hidden away in a book will never become great until someone reads it, is inspired by it, and passes it on, so that others may be inspired.

George Eliot has a poem, "Stradivarius" the thought of which I would like to pass on. Those who watched Stradivari work, in his day, said it was a monotonous job. To stand hour after hour at his desk and turn delicate pieces of wood, to perfect them so that the brown instrument came alive with matchless tones of beauty—

well, that was not living. They laughed at his pride in his work, called him a mill-horse, a machine. But Stradivari never ceased. He knew the beauty that would come from the thing he was creating. So he answered those who would belittle his work by saying:

"If my hand slackened I should rob God—leaving a blank instead of a violin."

Majestic thought. Without *you* a rare beauty may be lost. *You* are important. *You* can become partners with God in making the world a better place in which to live. *You* can work in the garden, and someone will be glad that *you* have lived, or *you* can belittle *your* heritage and—leave a blank. Simple truths are around *you*. Use them and "be somebody"—not man's way, but God's.



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Night Into Dawn

(Concluded from page 244)

She chatted a moment longer with Trombie and then swung back through the wards, wings on her feet, her heart singing!

Finally she reached Ward 20. Johnny was sleeping. He stirred and opened his eyes as she bent above him.

"Hi," he mumbled drowsily.

"Hi," she answered.

"Do you know something, Nurse? I feel better."

She placed the thermometer in his mouth and took his pulse. A few minutes went by.

"You are better," she announced.

"What time is it?"

Laurie nodded toward the window. The gray sky had merged into a greenish-blue. Where the sun would rise was a rosy-red streak that heralded the dawn.

"Look, Johnny," said Laurie, "it's Easter morning."

Johnny raised his head to see the coming sunrise. He spoke quietly: "And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, the angel said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." He stopped, looking steadily up at her. "Happy Easter, Nurse. It is happy Easter, isn't it?"

"Yes, Johnny," Laurie answered. "Faith still works. It is happy Easter."

ELDER THOMAS E. McKAY

(Concluded from page 226)

sible to maintain the work of the Church in those foreign fields. In the dark war years that followed, Brother McKay did more than his share to keep alive the missionary spirit of the Church and to encourage the poor people in Europe who were laboring under the yoke of a terrible war.

In September 1912, he was married to Fawn Brimhall, a daughter of the late George H. and Flora Robertson Brimhall. To this union five children were born, Flora Jennette Jensen (Mrs. Leslie Jensen), Fawn Brodie (Mrs. Bernard Brodie), Barbara Fay (Mrs. Oliver Smith), Marjorie Louise (Mrs. Richard Y. Card), and Thomas Brimhall McKay, their only son. These children reflect the refining influence of their parents. Much of Brother McKay's success is due to the loyal support of his wife. She loves the outdoors and shares in the joys and thrills that come to her husband as they travel about the canyons and the woods where they

with deep affection and look forward to the time he will be privileged to come to their stake again.

Thomas E. McKay is truly a servant of God, one devoted to the truth, ever faithful to any trust that may be imposed upon him. I think I can best sum up his loyalty and his faith by quoting from the talk which he made at the general conference in April 1953: "There is no excuse for anybody in this Church not having work. It is not a one-man Church;

it is not the Church of Joseph Smith, nor of Brigham Young, nor of any of the leaders who have succeeded them. They have all been called of God by the proper authority, but it is the Church, brothers and sisters, of Jesus Christ. He is our head. Do not forget that. I testify to you, my friends, my brethren and sisters, that I know that Jesus lives and that he is the Christ, and he is our head, the head of this Church. I bear you this testimony in his name."

NATURE: A SIMPLE GIFT

By LaPreal Mickelson

ABOVE me is a sky of blue,
Around me fields of green—
Flowers, too, of every hue
Surround this tiny stream.
I love to sit and gaze around
And nature's sights behold,
For I know there is no treasure found
In silver, silks, or gold
That can surpass, or even touch,
These simple ones I love so much.

both get so much out of life. She is an artist in her own right, her water colors being outstanding. It is always a thrill for anyone to be privileged to visit them in their home. Their hospitality and the sweetness of spirit that prevail there leave a benediction on all who are blessed and privileged to come under their influence.

Brother McKay is an effective speaker. There is a human touch in all his talks. He uses personal experiences to illustrate his themes, and because of his wide experience and his keen sense of humor, he is listened to with rapt attention. Wherever he goes, he leaves an influence for good, and in all the stakes of Zion that he has visited, the people remember him



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In the Steps of Abraham

(Continued from page 239)

mythology¹⁰ are rife with stories regarding Abraham. This was one of the reasons I was in Urfa, the site of many of these traditions.

Back in town again, wandering down some alleyways half as old as time, I finally came across the one thing in Urfa I wanted to see most, the Mosque of Abraham.

Legend has it that King Nimrud grew angry with Abraham and wanted to kill him, Nimrud built a huge fire and then cast red hot coals at Abraham (or cast Abraham into the pyre, as one variation has it). The coals that missed Abraham fell to earth and immediately turned into water while those that hit "The Friend of God" turned into fish (or soldiers is another variation). At least this is the particular version as told to me in Urfa.

The very modern Mosque of Abraham is built over the source of this stream and pond that is still in Urfa today. Even the Sacred Fish are still there, fat, ugly carp that feed all day on the corn that is thrown them by the believers.

Not far from the mosque was a graveyard. Many of the old-time Turks had worn the fez even to the graveyard. Over the headstones rested many a stone fez. Today this headdress is forbidden in Turkey. When Kemal Atatürk deposed the sultan in 1923, the fez, symbol of the past, was one of the first things to



Within the precinct of the Mosque of Abraham in Urfa, Turkey, these Turks are standing near part of the "sacred pool" of Abraham.

go. That unfortunate accident of Western culture, the prosaic cap, has taken its place.

That evening I wandered around town a little. The most important and gaily lighted places were the barbershops. Entertainment was provided by a night club and a movie house. I sat through the last half of *Son of Buffalo Bill* and as much as I could stand of an Egyptian comedy. The evening ended when I had struck a bargain with a local taxi driver to drive me to Haran the next morning at 4:00 a.m.

At the impossible hour previously planned, we were off for Haran, traveling along the dirt tracks widely used in all the Near East. We passed several camel caravans along the way. I was now on "The Great Trail, Aleppo to Babylon, Syria to Persia."



The author and friends at the entrance to the "citadel," the most impressive ruin at Haran, ancient home of Abraham.

This is the route of Abraham as he made his way up from Ur of the Chaldees to Haran and to Canaan. Along this road is Rebecca's Well. Jacob served his uncle fourteen years for two wives. Jonah went to Nineveh. By this dreary river and desert road the Hebrew exiles were driven down to Assyria and to Babylon. By the same way bands returned to Jerusalem under Ezra and Nehemiah. Zenophon and his ten-thousand marched this way. Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Alexander, Mongols, Crusaders moved across this route.¹¹

Finally in the distance we distinguished Haran. Shedding its nightshirt of gray mist, it looked like a Walt Disney fairy-tale city. A large tower and hill were first identified.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

I had expected a small village, but a town of four or five hundred people confronted me. I went directly, that is as directly as the inhabitants would let me—*Amerikans* are scarce around these parts—to the top of the hill to get my bearings.

Few inhabited sites in the world have the ruins of the successive civilizations extending back four thousand years scattered around so accessibly as Haran. Of equal importance is the fact that practically nothing has been done towards the excavation of this site. Just before leaving Jerusalem I talked with the director of the American School of Oriental Research. He advised me to spend some time in Haran and bring back as much information and as many pictures as I could. Following is part of the report I took back:

Haran¹² was an ancient Biblical city from before the time of Abraham. It is considered by some to be the first town after the flood. Abraham, Terah, Nahor, Laban, Sarah, Lot, Leah, Rachel, and Jacob lived here for various periods of time.

We find mention of Haran in Genesis 11:31: "And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law . . . and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there." The rest of the story in Genesis is briefly as follows: Terah died in Haran at the age of 205 years. The Lord told Abraham to depart out of Haran and so at the age of seventy-five, Abraham took Sarai, Lot, and their substance "and the souls that they had gotten in Haran: and they went forth into the land of Canaan. . . ."

Woolley tells us that Haran was the chief home of the moon-god, Sin. Terah probably worshiped this same god in Ur under the name of Nannar. Perhaps this is one reason Terah tarried in Haran until his death. This throws a little light on the lengthy stopover of Abraham in Haran.

Crassus, during an eastern campaign (53 B.C.), was attacked and slain in Haran by the Parthians. It became a Roman city, and the Emperor Caracalla was murdered (217 A.D.) in its precincts. Strabo and Pliny have also mentioned Haran.

Today Haran is an insignificant village of some 428 inhabitants depending entirely upon agriculture.

(Continued on following page)



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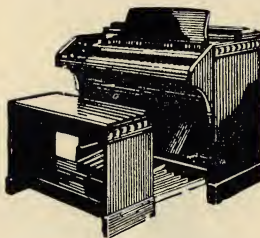
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IN THE STEPS OF ABRAHAM

(Continued from preceding page)
sheep, and goats for their substance. The people reside in about 110 "sugar-loaf" homes that rise up from the surface ruins like mushrooms. This same style can be seen in Assyrian bas-reliefs and has been common in this area since the time of Abraham. Two reasons explain their popularity: there is no wood in this district, and the high roofs are cooler in the extremely hot summers.

Haran rejoices in nine modern buildings of traditional structure including a schoolhouse, police station, garage. The lone schoolteacher had forty-eight boys and twenty-one girls, a good percentage of girls for Moslem lands. Religion is provided for by one mosque just outside the city walls. Eight "business" establishments form a shopping center, the barbershop and the blacksmith doing most of the business. Columns and other movable pieces of the great ruins are placed gracelessly in the foundations and walls of these shops. This, I noticed, is a common habit of the native peoples of the Near East.

Haran is on the stream Cullab

which is part of the North Belikh, a tributary to the Euphrates. It is in the district of Cebel Teltek and is nearly the most southern town in Turkey. It is eighteen miles north of the Syrian border and about twenty miles from the closest railroad station.

Precious little remains of ancient Haran, mostly long rows of mounds on both sides of the small stream. Most of the visible ruins are of medieval construction. In great profusion and jumble, the basalt remains of walls, archways, and towers litter the area. One tower is still over one hundred feet high, and an archway stands more than twenty feet in height. The most interesting ruin is the remains of a medieval fortress or castle with a barrel-arched room thirty feet high and pilasters eight feet thick decorated with aianthus leaves. Any kind of decoration is impressive on these plains, but as I remember it the Greeks carved literally miles of this tricky asymmetric foliage. I spent some time in this building, probably dating from the time of Saladin.

One of the few remaining upright

door posts has been fancifully named "Abraham's Door." Strong affinity with things *de Abrahamo* is prevalent in these parts. One of the disappointments of my journey is that I could not find anyone who knew or could direct me to *Ain el Khalil*, "Spring of the Friend (of God)," meaning Abraham, a Moslem village whose inhabitants claim descent from Abraham himself.

My "taxi" got me back into Acha-chola about sunset. I did a little sightseeing or rather wandered around the bazaars, purchasing a few trinkets.

Sitting on the railroad siding typing up my notes for the past several days soon attracted as large a crowd around me as any *fakir* would have had in Utah. Soon it became dark and, to the dismay of an army of children, I had to move into the local men's club. Some of the old men in the community came out to see this *Amerikan* with the writing machine. I felt they must know some interesting stories, so in return for typing off identical copies of "Now is the time for all good men . . ." blindfolded (this little feat thrilled

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274 THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

them immensely) they became talkative. One young Turkish army officer spoke "few" English and French. Through him I was able to record a string of legends regarding Abraham.

(To be continued)

NOTES

²⁷M. Rostovtzeff, *Caravan Cities* (Oxford, 1932).

²⁸Luke 10:1.

²⁹Leonard Woolley, *Abraham*.

³⁰See respective articles in *L'Encyclopédie de L'Islam* and the Hebrew Dictionary.

³¹William T. Ellis, *Bible Lands Today* (London).

³²Its name has changed slightly during the five ages it has known, Biblical, Greek, Roman, Christian, and Mohammedan; *Haran* in the Old Testament; *Harranu* (meaning road in Babylonian ideograph; *Charrau* or *Karra* in Greek; *Carrae* or *Carthae* in Roman; *Harran* from the Arabic. As in the above languages it also means "road" in the Hebrew, *Kauraan*. The great Czech Orientalist, Bedrich Hrozný, has surmised that "... the European word Caravan, Persian Karvan, are perhaps derivatives of the Hittite hieroglyph *Charvau*, to send by caravan, and also from the Sumer-Babylonian *Charran* (u), road, caravan." *Nejstari Dejiny Predni Asie, Indie a Krety*, (v Praze: Melantrich, 1949), p. 87.

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 267)

The procedure presented in this article, outlining a program and procedure for each presidency council meeting, is suggestive for more effective work in the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums of the Church; however, there may be some alterations of this procedure to fit the needs of the individual quorums and conditions.

It is hoped that the suggestions given in this article will prove helpful to presidents of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums throughout the Church in their carrying forward and conducting the weekly presidency meeting.



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Today's Family-

IRIS PARKER
Editor

Know Your LDS Cooks

EDITOR'S NOTE

Romania Hyde Woolley is the wife of Ralph Edwin Woolley who was in charge of construction work on the Hawaiian Temple and former president of the Oahu Stake and of the Hawaiian Temple. She served for ten years as matron of the Hawaiian Temple and considers this one of the greatest honors that has come to her.

She has been noted in her own right as a concert violinist and a teacher of music. She has been playing the violin in public since she was eight years old, concertizing in Germany and America as an assistant to the late Emma Lucy Gates Bowen.

In addition to her principal hobby of cooking, Sister Woolley also grows orchids and has some 10,000 plants in her collection. She is helping to preserve the art of Hawaiian quilt making in the islands, and has an impressive collection of fine china. She acquired her first piece of porcelain in 1912 when she visited the factory in Dresden, Germany where the father of Karl G. Maeser had been an artisan.



Romania H. Woolley

Food Is My Hobby

by Romania H. Woolley

I HAVE ALWAYS felt that for the finest home cooking in the United States, we can turn to the women of our Church. I think the reason for this is the many nationalities of converts bringing with them their mother country's recipes and modes of food preparation, and the army of missionaries returning home year after year with recipes and memories of the foods they have learned to enjoy in the lands and countries in which they have labored. It is making us all good-food-minded. In addition, the women's organizations of the Church have always encouraged good cooking and have given opportunities to share and exchange recipes.

I have several hobbies, but of all of them I get the most fun and real pleasure from cooking. As I look back over my life, it seems as if I have had one pattern. I love to feed and entertain people, and I find that the Latter-day Saints are the easiest and most appreciative of all to do for. I am sure it is because they themselves love to care for and make others happy. Sharing oneself, gifts, and talents, and even the coveted recipes gives one the joy of living.

My grandmother's and my mother's interest and accomplishment in cooking and creating new recipes have played a great part in my interest in it. My grandmother, Nancy Acord,

was taking lessons on how to decorate a cake with the pastry bag when she was over seventy years old and was making her own "Salt Rising Bread" until she was eighty. My mother, Jeannette A. Hyde, a former member of the Relief Society general board and the first manager of the *Relief Society Magazine*, won several Utah state and national prizes for her original recipes. Her method of relaxation was to get into the kitchen and concoct a new dish.

As children we learned to eat every kind of food—Scandinavian, German, French; and now that I have lived so many years in the Hawaiian Islands I have learned to cook and eat Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, and Korean foods. In traveling, I find it a real asset to be able to eat any kind of food.

Today we read of the glamorous recipes from every source, but I feel it is an art to take the everyday, ordinary food and make it tasty, or shall I say glamorous? I feel it a distinct honor and privilege to share with the readers of the *ERA* a few of my favorite and stand-by recipes:

Viennese Dessert Cake

5 egg yolks beaten until light yellow and creamy

Add gradually

1 cup white granulated sugar

Continue beating; add

2 tablespoons hot water

2 teaspoons vanilla extract

1 level tablespoon flour

Grind (use medium cutter)

2 cups walnuts

Fold walnuts into the egg yolk mixture. Beat until foamy

5 egg whites

Add

1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

1/4 teaspoon salt

Continue beating the whites until they hold a peak. Fold this mixture into the yolk-walnut mixture. Pour into greased cake tins. (Use 10-inch cake tin for single cake or two 8-inch tins for layers.) Then line with waxed paper and grease the waxed paper. Bake

(Continued on page 278)
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Know Your LDS Cooks

(Continued from page 276)

at 350° for 40 minutes. (Bake in 8-inch tins for 30 minutes.) Gently remove it from the pan and cool. When ready to serve, top with

- 1 cup whipped cream which has been flavored with
- 4 tablespoons sugared cocoa

I was studying the violin in Berlin before World War I under the chaperonage of the late Emma Lucy Gates Bowen (Lucy was a great cook), and it was while traveling on the train from Berlin to Kassel where Lucy was singing in the Royal Opera that I met the wife of a Viennese opera star who gave me the above recipe for the Viennese Torte or dessert cake.

Russian Meatballs

- Large coarse leaves of a large cabbage
- 1 pound ground round steak or hamburger
- 1 large onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 thin slices of white bread soaked in ½ cup boiling water
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon thyme
- 1 teaspoon oregano leaves (Mexican sage)
- ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

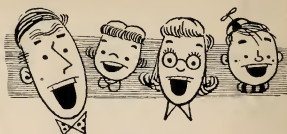
Scald and soak cabbage leaves in very hot water for ten minutes. Gently fry the chopped onion in butter until clear. Combine with remaining ingredients and mix well. Make into balls about the size of a small orange. Place one ball in a cabbage leaf and wrap it up. If necessary bind the cabbage leaf with No. 40 thread. The meatball must be completely covered with no holes in the leaves. Grease three-quart casserole dish with

- 2 tablespoons bacon fat or drippings or shortening
- Place in the greased casserole
- 3 large onions, cut in thick slices
- Make a sauce of
- 2 cans tomato sauce
 - ¼ cup lemon juice
 - 2 heaping tablespoons brown sugar
 - 3 teaspoons paprika
 - ½ cup seedless raisins
 - ¼ teaspoon powdered garlic or one small garlic clove crushed

Pour this sauce over the cabbage balls, which have been arranged on top of sliced onions. Place in a preheated oven at 400° and bake for one and one-half hours. This casserole dish can be prepared early in the morning and placed in the oven around 4:00 p.m. for dinner.

To use up the remainder of the cabbage, chop it up as fine as rice. Cover it with a sauce made of:

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- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 to 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 dashes black pepper

This cabbage meatball recipe was given to me by a Russian Jewess who was a neighbor of mine in New York City where I was studying.

My Mother's Chili Con Carne

- 1 1/2 pounds coarsely ground round steak
- 1/2 pound pork sausage, link or bulk
- 3 cloves garlic
- 3 cans tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 2 teaspoons oregano leaves (Mexican sage)
- 2 large onions chopped
- 4 heaping tablespoons brown sugar
- 2 cans large-size red kidney beans
- 2 1/2 tablespoons chili powder
- 1/2 cup water
- 3 tablespoons butter
- salt to taste

In a large kettle melt butter and fry the chopped onions until clear, but not brown. Then add the ground round steak and pork sausage broken up in bits. Stir constantly until the meat is done. Then add the tomato hot sauce mixture, catsup, sugar, salt, and crushed garlic and seasonings, making a thin paste of the chili powder by mixing it with 1/2 cup water. Cook this mixture for twenty minutes on low flame. Then add the kidney beans and cook for fifteen minutes more on low heat.

This chili is best made up the day before and reheated in an oven, low heat, or in water bath. Serve with rye bread sandwiches filled with thinly cut onion slices which have been marinated in a French dressing overnight. Add one teaspoon of celery seed to the French dressing. Drain onions from the French dressing and place between slices of buttered rye bread. This makes an ideal menu for informal MIA parties, with a sherbet for dessert. Serves six.

Cheese and Macaroni

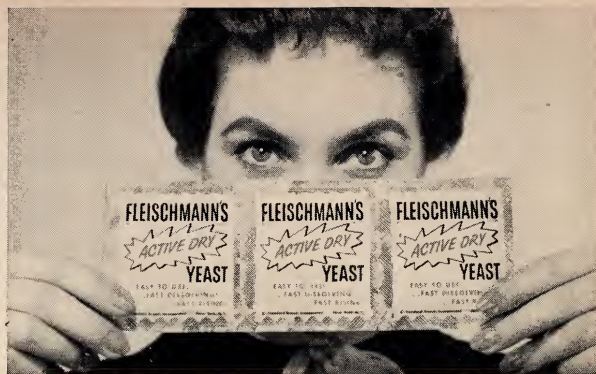
- 2 cups broken macaroni
- 2 quarts boiling water
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/4 pounds American cheese

Cook the macaroni in salted water until it is tender enough to mash between the fingers. (Most cooks undercook the macaroni.) This may take twenty to thirty minutes to cook. Strain and cool.

White Sauce

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup fresh cream
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1 small dried onion, grated

(Concluded on following page)



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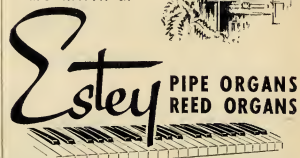
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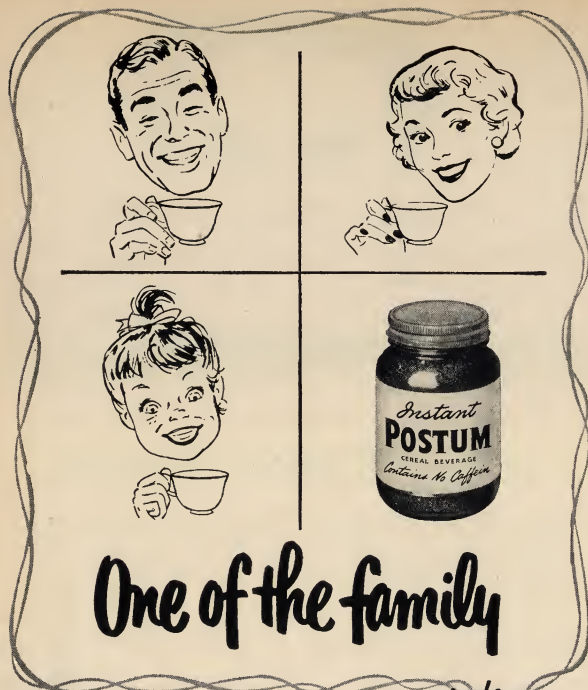
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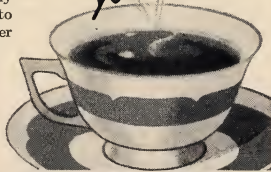
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Know Your LDS Cooks

(Concluded from preceding page)

Melt the butter, add the flour, and cook until it thickens. Add remaining dry ingredients and milk and cream. Cook until thickened, then add grated onion.

In a buttered casserole put a layer of macaroni, then a one-inch layer of grated American cheese. Then alternate layers of macaroni with the cheese. Pour the white sauce over the cheese-macaroni mixture. Then top with a layer of grated cheese and bake at 350° for fifty minutes in a water bath. So that the cream sauce will penetrate the macaroni mixture, it is best to make this up at least two hours before baking. Serves four.

The success of this recipe is the well-done macaroni and using the grated cheese one-inch thick on each layer.

It was my good fortune to get this recipe from our Utah-born Jacketta McCune Queally, whose parents gave the Church their home, which has become the McCune School of Music & Art. Jacketta is one of the prominent hostesses of San Francisco. I have renamed the recipe Cheese and Macaroni and added the onions, mustard, and monosodium glutamate.

Thick French Dressing

- 1 cup water
 - 1 cup sugar
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice or lime juice
 - 1 cup olive oil or salad oil
 - 1 cup tomato catsup
 - 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
 - 3 teaspoons paprika
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Tarragon vinegar
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cider vinegar
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 2 cloves of garlic cut up or mashed
- Boil sugar and water together for five minutes, then cool. Add remaining ingredients. Keep cool and use over tossed greens. Just before serving add one teaspoon of the dry salad mix. Makes one quart.

This recipe was given me by a famous chef in Chicago, and I added a few imaginative touches of my own.

Dry Salad Mix

- $2\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon white sugar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons powdered garlic
- 2 teaspoons oregano leaves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons oregano leaves rubbed fine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon fine black pepper
- 1 tablespoon coarsely ground black pepper (use pepper grinder)
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Mix well and place in a tightly covered jar in the icebox. For each individual serving, use about one teaspoon of dry salad mix just before serving, or a large tablespoon for a mixed green salad.

In the Gospel Net

By
Dr. John A. Widtsoe
PROLOGUE

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It's Fun To Make Bunnies

By Rose A. Openshaw

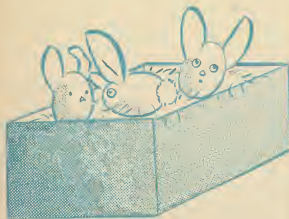
SOMEONE may want to try her hand at making bunnies for the children's Easter. Directions for this particular kind were sent me by a friend, who with her husband and nine-year-old son was spending some time in the Philippines.

Because the spring season there is comparable to the hot summers here, she had been lulled into forgetfulness that Easter was at hand. Remembering suddenly, when too late to shop, she sprang into action, devising something simple by hand.

After converting an empty shoe-box into an attractive basket and filling it with clipped green tissue paper, for a nest, she commenced on the "bunnies." First of all she cooked a dozen white eggs. The big floppy rabbit ears were cut from white writing paper, tinted pink on the inside with crayons, and glued to the peaked end of the eggs. Next, she outlined a rabbit face as best she could, with a pencil. A fluff of cotton attached to the reverse end of the eggs answered for tails.

The bunnies were placed in the green nest centered with a white duck egg much larger than the others that had undergone similar treatment, and which posed as the mama rabbit. Her Easter offering was complete and her son was delighted!

While she did this from necessity, last Easter I sprang it on a group of little ones for a change. Their countenances beamed until you'd think each had a birthday cake inside, all lit up and shining through! Children adore change, craving it even more than adults, and almost anything, just so it's new and different, entrances them. Besides, it's fun to make bunnies!



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If I Were in My Teens

TEEN TIME IS GROWING TIME

by Caroline Eyring Miner

MEMBER, YWMA GENERAL BOARD

TO ME growth is the great miracle. That which makes something grow is of God. Scientists have produced the perfect seed of wheat chemically. It looks exactly like a natural seed of wheat, but it will not grow. It is of man. That which grows is of God's making.

Teen years are planting years, for teen time is the springtime of life. What a happy time it is! We are very busy, but the joy of anticipation is very great. It is most important that young people plant the kind of seeds that will produce the harvest they want at some future time. Nothing is truer than the scripture, "... whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.)

The garden in which we do our planting during our lifetime is not a seasonal one. We are planting in a garden that is everlasting. Every moment of our lives we should be growing, striving to learn more about the gospel, attempting to understand ourselves and the world in which we live, learning to discipline ourselves.

We can gain inspiration for our lives of growing by reviewing the steps of making a good garden. First, a plan for the garden is made, a choice growing spot is selected, one that is sunny, one accessible to water, one with good, rich soil. Then, the desired plants are chosen, and good, fertile seed is procured. A planting layout for the garden is then made. It is planned to put the plants where they will grow the best and will interfere the least with the growth of other plants.

There follows hard work in cultivating the garden plot, digging, harrowing, leveling, weeding. Many people want a garden, but they are

not willing to pay the price, for it is hard work, and everything does have its price. There is a little saying, "The world is full of willing people, some willing to work and the rest willing to let them." Those who are willing to let others do the work will not have a good garden. One of the great evils of this age is the desire to get something for nothing. The penitentiaries are full of people who were not willing to pay the price in honest effort.

The plan for our lives must be organized; there must be plenty of opportunity for the light of the gospel to warm it; there must be much hard and willing labor go into the making of it. As we sow, so shall we reap.

In the garden we plant, which in reality is the life we live, we may want to plant many things. Among them we might sow:

Five rows of peas—patience, purity, perseverance, preparation, promptness.

Four rows of squash—squash gossip, squash criticism, squash indifference, squash laziness.

Five rows of lettuce—

Let us be faithful to duty.

Let us be unselfish and loyal.

Let us be true to our Church, ourselves, and our God.

Let us obey rules and regulations.

Let us love one another.

Three rows of turnips—

Turn up for all calls and obligations.

Turn up with a cheerful attitude for whatever befalls us.

Turn up with the determination to make everything count for something good and worthwhile.

From such a garden, teen-agers could well expect to reap a rich harvest for life everlasting.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 217)

ball tournament. This year, Gleaner Girl sponsors of the teams are coeds at BYU. Scores of the games:

Upper Bracket: Spanish Fork First 51, Vernal Third 44; Westwood (California) 68, Barnwell (Alberta) 33; Mesa Tenth (Arizona) 54, Arbor 45; Fairmont 68, Newdale (Idaho) 47; College Hill 45, Juarez (Mexico) 31; Provo Ninth 47, College 46 (overtime); Springville First 44, San Francisco (California) 38; Ogden Fifth 39, El Paso First (Texas) 36.

Lower Bracket: Provo Thirteenth 66, Richland First (Washington) 29; Garland Second 62, Reno (Nevada) 46; Richfield Third 56, Tucson First (Arizona) 53; Salt Lake City Thirty-third 70, Nampa Fourth (Idaho) 31; Murray First 60, Washington (D. C.) 42; Wilmington (California) 53, Sugar City (Idaho) 49; Grayson 71, Montpelier Second (Idaho) 41; Haven 51, Brigham City Seventh 48.

3 SCORES in the all-Church basketball games:

Upper Bracket: Spanish Fork 44, Westwood 42; Fairmont 38, Mesa Tenth 35; Provo Ninth 46, College Hill 44; Springville First 57, Ogden Fifth 54.

Lower Bracket: Provo Thirteenth 62, Garland Second 40; Wilmington 53, Murray First 42; Grayson 66, Haven 46; Salt Lake City Thirty-third 38, Richfield Third 36.

Consolation Flight: Vernal Third 48, Barnwell 33; Arbor 42, Newdale 38; College 62, Juarez 37; San Francisco 65, El Paso First 46; Richland First 65, Reno 56; Tucson First 71, Nampa Fourth 43; Sugar City 67, Washington 52; Brigham City Seventh 59, Montpelier Second 39.

4 SCORES in the all-Church basketball tournament in the BYU field house:

Championship Flight: Provo Thirteenth 49, Salt Lake City Thirty-third 36; Grayson 42, Wilmington 38; Fairmont 49, Spanish Fork First 45; Provo Ninth 68, Springville First 42.

Consolation Flight: Arbor 63, Vernal Third 37; College 64, San Francisco 47; Tucson First 80; Richland First 42; Sugar City 58, Brigham City Seventh 49.

Second Round Losers: Mesa Tenth 53, Westwood 37; Garland Second 54, Richfield Third 27; College Hill 56, Ogden Fifth 46; Murray First 55, Haven 46.

5 SCORES in the all-Church basketball tournament:

Championship Flight: Grayson 51, Provo Thirteenth 47; Provo Ninth 61, Fairmont 40.

APRIL 1954

Consolation Flight: College 37, Arbor 35; Sugar City 54, Tucson First 50.

Second Round Losers: Mesa Tenth 41, College Hill 34; Garland Second 52, Murray First 45.

Third Round Losers: Spanish Fork First 58, Springville First 54; Salt Lake City Thirty-third 56, Wilmington 41.

6 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Elder D. Arthur Haycock as president of the Hawaiian Mission, succeeding President Ernest Nelson. President Haycock, personal secretary to Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, and former secretary of President George Albert Smith, filled a mission in Hawaii 1935-37, and returned there for a short visit with President Smith during the mission centennial in 1950. His activities in the Church have included ward clerk of the Salt Lake City Fourteenth Ward, assistant clerk of the Pioneer (Salt Lake City) Stake, first bishop of the Riverview Ward, and membership on the Riverside (Salt Lake City) Stake high council. With him are his wife, the former Maurine McClellan, and their four daughters, Marilyn, Judith Ann, Lynette, and Cheryl.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder G. Eugene England as president of the North Central States Mission, succeeding President John B. Hawkes. President England filled a mission in the Southern States in 1929-32, and has since been a member of the Downey Ward, Portneuf (Idaho) Stake, bishopric, and superintendent of Sunday Schools in the Portneuf Stake. At this call he was a member of the high council of the Hillside (Salt Lake City) Stake where he was also serving as a stake missionary. His wife, the former Dora Rose Hartvigsen, will accompany him to this new field of labor, as will their daughter, Ann Christine. An older son will not accompany his parents.

Scores and placements in the final day's play of the all-Church basketball tournament at the BYU field house:

Grayson 46, Provo Ninth 41 (first and second); Provo Thirteenth 58, Fairmont 52 (third and seventh); Spanish Fork First 46, Salt Lake City Thirty-third 35 (fourth and eighth); Mesa Tenth 62, Garland Second 50 (Fifth and Ninth); College 59, Sugar City 57 (sixth—consolation—and tenth). Sugar City was given the sportsmanship award. All-stars of this, the thirty-first annual basketball tournament were: Richard Perkins of Grayson; Royal Shipp of Provo Ninth; Don Marshall of College Ward; Glen Dalling of Sugar City, and Mick Eggertson of Provo Ninth. Richard Perkins won the outstanding players' award.

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These Times

(Concluded from page 214)

gime as the legal government of China? Is the Eisenhower move to support Pakistan and Indo-China with American arms propitious? The following principles would seem to have some merit:

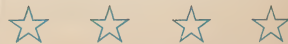
1. American policy should aim at the fundamental welfare of Asia and its many peoples. Fundamental welfare includes freedom for individuals.

2. This conception includes an obligation to investigate, discover, and recognize the true aspirations of Asiatic peoples. People in Salt Lake City love their homes, automobiles, churches, the temple, the tabernacle, the university, the mountains and their retreats, their family festivals, their factories, fields, and shops. What do the people of Asia love? Value? Aspire towards?

3. American policy should not make the mistake of assuming that American power, in concert with certain European allies, is wise and strong enough to bring to pass either these aspirations or this Asiatic "welfare." Let us remember the tennis rackets and electric trains we have purchased for our children as gifts—which they have neither understood nor appreciated. American strength can be used for positive help in positive ways. But it can also be used by exercising necessary restraints, by refusing to do some things even when it appears easier and simpler for us to do them. On rare occasions, when interests vital to the family of nations are at stake, (such as "the free agency" principle, under the moral law and its obligations, as applied to individuals), we may have to use our strength to help maintain the law of the family.

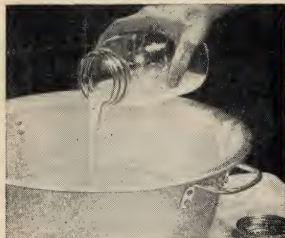
4. As power must operate under the moral law, so we must respect our own sense of right and wrong, of good and evil, resist evil and strive unashamedly for the good as we have come to understand it.

Finally, perhaps, we should not get excited over the problem of Asia. Sober concern is enough. After all the land and peoples have been there a long, long time. Asians, it is said, have been "awakened" by three centuries of European domination, by the west's aggressive measures. Perhaps the long-range view should now be to stop prodding them with our schemes for their economic and political salvation. Maybe they want to mind their business so much that if we don't prod, they'll realize that Russia is prodding them and shaking them up. To give Asia its due consideration, neither more nor less, is one of the great issues of these times.



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President McKay Visits Missions in Latin America

(Continued from page 229)

weather cleared, and the program went forward as scheduled.

Saturday afternoon, January 30, President McKay laid the cornerstone for the chapel now under construction in Montevideo. To have their own chapel half built, and then have the President of the Church come to offer a special prayer and lay the cornerstone, was but a dream of the Saints and missionaries until a short time ago. This chapel is indeed a nucleus around which the Saints of that mission will grow in numbers and in strength. A priesthood session was held that evening.

Sunday, January 31, was filled with conference sessions where the theme was the Ten Commandments. Monday, February 1, a missionary meeting was held in which President McKay instructed the missionaries and participated with them in their testimonies. Over two hundred members went with the party to the airport, where the President's party said goodbye to the land and the Saints of Uruguay.

Fifty minutes later the Saints in Buenos Aires, Argentina, were singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." The greetings of the Saints under the direction of President Lee B. Valentine were as memorable as they had been in the other missions of this tour. Perhaps they were a little warmer for Robert R. McKay. It was his former mission, and he was renewing acquaintances.

On February 2, by invitation, President McKay addressed the congregation of an American church in Buenos Aires. He was well received, as was his subject, the blessings that the American people have and the responsibilities that go with those blessings. It was a subject not peculiar to the LDS Church, and so that congregation asked for, and received, a question and answer period.

One of the notable experiences took place February 3, when President Juan D. Peron of Argentina granted an interview with President McKay. In the words of Robert McKay:

"President Peron is well informed, even knowing our social habits. He said that he would like to offer us something, but since we don't drink,

(Continued on following page)

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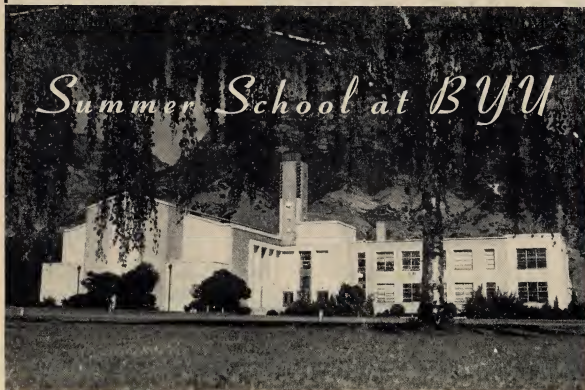
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- **RECREATION** is plentiful in the surrounding mountains and includes annual Timpanogos Hike, dances, plays, opera, gym privileges.
- **FESTIVALS AND CLINICS** will include the annual music festival with Paganini Quartet, Anna Kas-kas, band clinic, special artist series.
- **DISTINGUISHED** faculty will visit to augment able and adequate resident faculty. Visiting artists also remain to conduct classes.
- **LEADERSHIP WEEK** from June 21 to 25 brings authorities on all Church subjects to assist Church workers in improving service.

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President McKay Visits Missions in Latin America

(Continued from preceding page)

take tea or coffee, or smoke, he gestured and good-naturedly said that he would like to make us happy with something. Father responded with a winning smile, acknowledged the kindness extended, and said that the host had already made us happy with his gracious reception."

During the interview the conversation took a turn to the place for the conference meeting on Sunday. President Peron was told that the meeting would be held in the *Consejo de Mujeres*. He shook his head and said that that place would be too small. He would place any theater at our disposal for such an important event, even the Cervantes, a beautiful building, second only to the Colon Opera House.

But President Peron did not know that the building was being renovated, and under normal circumstances, would not have been ready. Upon hearing that President Peron had designated that theater as a meeting place, an additional force of Argentine workmen readied the building for our use.

Upon leaving the presidential offices, President McKay gave President Peron a beautiful leather-bound set of the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price.

February 4, 5, and 6 the party motored, visiting branches of the Church as far as 250 miles from Buenos Aires. A missionary meeting was held the afternoon of February 6.

Nearly eight hundred persons were at the *Teatro Cervantes*, Sunday, February 7, for the two well-advertised meetings. President McKay spoke at both sessions. At President McKay's request, another meeting was called—one this one with the Welsh members of the Church who reside in Buenos Aires and Chubut. He thoroughly enjoyed himself with people who shared his Welsh ancestry.

After the evening meeting in the theater, Radio Excelsior presented a ten-minute tribute to President McKay and the Church.

On Monday, February 8, a fond farewell was said at the airport to the Saints in Argentina.

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AMERICA'S FINEST
OVERALL

When the President's party landed at Santiago, Chile, February 9, they were greeted by two members—Elder and Mrs. Billie Fotheringham—believed to be the only members in that country. The guests were taken to their home for a wonderful dinner. The US Embassy officials also met them at the airport, as did several news reporters.

February 10 was spent in Lima, Peru, visiting and encouraging the small group of Saints which have come together in that country.

The next stop was Panama City, Panama, where they were greeted by President and Mrs. Gordon Romney of the Central American Mission and several members of the Panama City branch. One of the features of the visit in Panama was the witnessing of the baptism of Juan and Irene Andreve Coleman, believed to be the first full-blooded Cuna Indians to join the Church.

On February 12 the party, accompanied by President and Sister Romney, flew on to Guatemala City. Here they held a missionary conference with fifty-six missionaries and visited the Saints.

Plane trouble caused President McKay to remake his schedule. In so doing, he decided to fly directly to Los Angeles, instead of Mexico City, as they had previously planned. He immediately went to Laguna Beach, California, where he rested for a week before returning to Salt Lake City.

SPRING GARDEN

By Mary Lucretia Barker

AN OLD man spaded dirt for planting
His flower seeds—coalyard nearby.
His work was proof of poet phrases
That hope will never, never die.

The hard old ground would yield, he told me,

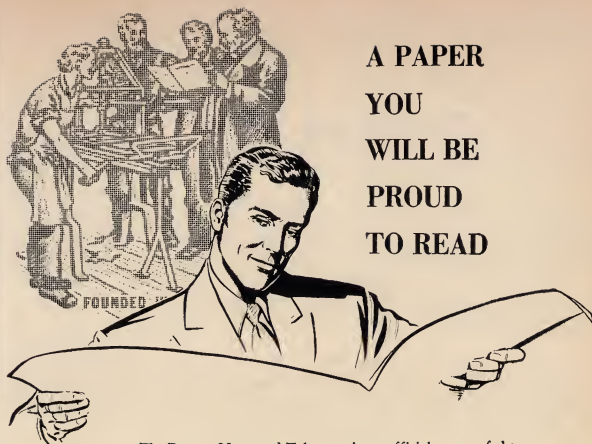
With toil and will and daily care,
And added shyly that in summer
Each neighbor would receive his share.

I knew his blossoms might not rival
The hothouse or the florist plants,
But as he said that all would have some,
His faded eyes awoke to dance.

Retired last year on railroad pension,
He said he stayed where he had spent
His life, beside the tracks and coalyard,
And heard each whistling train that went

Its lordly way on past, beyond him.
He was not lonesome, though alone.
He said, "This country needs more flowers,"
And rubbed his forehead till it shone.

APRIL 1954



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The Light Touch

Stage Advice

Cub Reporter: "I'd like some advice, sir, on how to run a newspaper."

Editor: "You've come to the wrong person, son. Why don't you ask one of my subscribers?"

Too Efficient

We brought an efficiency expert into our organization, but he didn't last. One of the first things he did was to put nonbreakable glass in all the fire-alarm boxes.

It Wouldn't Dare

A salesman had been assigned territory in India. His friends were bidding him farewell.

"It gets very hot in India at times," suggested one man. "Aren't you afraid the climate might disagree with your wife?"

The man looked at him reproachfully: "It wouldn't dare!"

Forewarned

Lady of the house, to new waitress appearing on duty bedecked with jewelry: "We are having guests tonight, Martha, and I think it would be better if you didn't wear any jewelry."

Martha: "Oh, thank you, madam, for warning me. I'll take it off immediately."

Warning

A gentle Quaker, hearing a strange noise at 1 a.m., got up and discovered a burglar, busily at work. Getting his gun he came back and stood quietly in the doorway. "Friend," he said, "I would do thee no harm for the world, but thou standest right where I am about to shoot."

"MUSIC HAS CHARMS"

Smithfield Stake MIA presented its annual Christmas Cantata December 13 in the beautifully decorated hall to one of the largest crowds to be in attendance at the Sunday evening service of stake quarterly conference. "Chimes of the Holy Night" a cantata by Fred B. Holten was directed by Mrs. Salome Hansen, with Mrs. Francis Anderson as organist and Mrs. Colleen Jensen as pianist.

Those participating in solo parts and duets were: Ruth McArthur, Amalg; Kathleen Clark, Newton; Beverly and Virginia Barson,

Japan

Dear Editors:

ALONG with my change of address I would also like to send my congratulation for the swell work you are all doing in sending THE IMPROVEMENT ERA out to the servicemen and to those away from home for other reasons. I need not tell you what a wonderful magazine it is.

After I receive the ERA it is read by myself and then passed on to the Gaddis family, who have recently come to the Far East. Again many thanks to you who are responsible for sending us the ERA.

Pfc. George C. Reeder

Korea

Dear Editors:

I WISH to express my appreciation to the sixth quorum of elders, Groveland Ward, Blackfoot Stake, for sending me THE IMPROVEMENT ERA each month. It is one of the few contacts I have with the Church since I arrived in Korea. As far as I know I am the only LDS boy in our company, so I haven't had the opportunity to attend or hold any meetings.

I am constantly looking forward to each issue. It is really wonderful that THE ERA is available to the servicemen overseas. May the Lord bless each and everyone of you that make this possible.

Pfc. Fredrick Mangum

Logan, Utah

Dear Editors:

I APPRECIATED receiving a copy of the January issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA containing the article entitled, "Your Family—Best Dressed for Less."

I want to congratulate you upon the excellent manner in which this article was prepared and especially to express appreciation for the references made to the Extension Service publications prepared by Theta Johnson, clothing specialist.

Carl Frischknecht, Director
Utah Extension Service

Una Jean Ravsten and Janet Loosle, Clarkston; Faye Griffiths, Second Ward; Doyle West and Nadean Hodges, Third Ward; Velma Fisher, Cleon Fisher, and Barbara Hillyard, Fourth Ward.

These young people along with others from the seven wards of the stake made a total of 175 voices participating. Some were absent when the picture was taken.

Co-chairmen for the event were Howard Hansen, stake activity superintendent, and Alice F. Weeks, stake activity counselor of the two MIA stake boards.





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